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Palace of the Tuileries, France.

This palace, commenced by Catherine de Medicis in 1564, was continued, after various alterations and interruptions, by Henry IV. and Louis XIII. To Catherine it appears only to have been indebted for the grand central pavilion and its wings: these were designed by Delorme and Bullant. Henry IV. and his successor much enlarged the original plan, adding the pavilions of Flora and of Mars, and the two Corinthian wings which connect them with the older buildings. Louis XIV. also attempted to improve the pavilion of the centre.

The Tuileries exhibit no claim to general unity of design. The five orders of architecture, and every distinct species of architectural ornament, succeed each other with little connection or proportion, and no approach to harmony of conception.

The length of the façade toward the garden is 1000 feet and the Architects Le Veau and Dorbay had an unlimited commission from Louis XIV. to harmonize this noble front. Their principal operations were confined, as we have intimated, to the central pavilion of the old palace, which they perhaps injured rather than improved by increasing in height.

The Tuileries are united to the Louvre on the south by the gallery of the Louvre, 1380 feet in length, and it has long been intended to complete the junction of these magnificent palaces by a continuation of the northern side.

The term Tuileries is applied to this palace because the spot on which it is built was formerly used for the manufacture of tiles. In the pavilion of Flora, Napoleon resided, who began the second gallery, leading to the *palace Royal* and the *rue St. Honoré*, not yet finished. To make room for this great work, many houses and whole streets were levelled; and much of the ground is still occupied by the ruins of the former building. On the west of the palace lie the gardens of the Tuileries, forming a quadrangle of the width of the palace, and 1600 feet in length. This garden, laid out for Louis XIV. has, in more recent times, been highly ornamented in the French style, and contains alleys of orange trees, groves, lacons with beds of flowers and shrubberies, fountains and basins of water with swans and gold fish, a great number of vases, and more than sixty statutes imitated from ancient works. It is filled at all times of the day with persons of all classes; chairs and the newspapers may be had at a small price. The French Court was formerly called the "Court of the Tuileries," but under the three last Louises, who resided at Versailles, that appellation was changed to the "Cabinet of Versailles." Napoleon resided some time at St. Cloud, and the court received that name. But since the restoration the kings have again occupied the Tuileries.

The ground or at least part of it, on which the palace of the Tuileries now stands, was in the 11th century called, *La Sollonnière* or the *Sandpits*. Francis I. in 1518 purchased from Nicholas de Neuville a house, with a court and garden contiguous to this site, which was called by him the *Hotel des Tuileries*. This property the king gave to his mother Louisa of Savoy, who took up her residence there and was the first royal personage who dwelt at the Tuileries. She afterwards gave the property to John Thereelon, (master of the household to the Dauphiny) and his wife to be occupied by them during their lives. On the death of these parties the property reverted to the crown, in whose possession it remained until the time of Catherine de Medicis.

The garden front of the Tuileries, heavy and incongruous as it is when analyzed by architectural taste, is unquestionably magnificent. The view from it is unrivalled as a scene of artificial beauty, as the eye ranges over the superb scenery in its vicinity and the broad terraces, crowded with a *pleasure-loving* population;—walks ornamented with flower gardens and fountains, and shady groves, where some antique statue is encountered at every turn. From the central pavilion, the prospect is uninterrupted for several miles, and is terminated by the grand arch of the *Barrier de Neuilly*. The southern terrace is bounded by the quays and the river, and the northern by the splendid buildings of the Rue de Rivoli, from which street the garden is separated by a handsome open railing.

Till the reign of Louis XIV. the garden continued to be separated from the palace by a street; and the ground was also laid out in a rude and grotesque fashion, and disfigured besides by an accumulation of miscellaneous encumbrances, which belonged to a ruder time and age. About the year 1665, Louis remodelled the ground and the result was, a metamorphosis into nearly the same general appearance which is now presents. It had suffered even deridly during some of the turbulent days of the revolution, but after the accession of Bonaparte to the supreme power, he commenced the restoration of the damage it had sustained, on the magnificent and liberal scale. He also erected in 1806 a triumphal arch (in imitation of the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome,) to the glory of the French armies; upon the recall of the Bourbons race to the throne of France, this sapid monument was much disfigured by the removal of the sculptures and bas reliefs which represented many of the victories of the French armies under Napoleon; since the accession of the present king, Louis Philippe, the restoration of these trophies has been ordered by the French Government.

The most interesting and important associations of the Tuileries with the History of France, are connected with that wonderful series of events, which affected an entire change in the destinies of nations, and the general aspects of the world: and those who would wish to recall some of the most prominent events of the history of that great kingdom, will probably direct their first attention of this far famed residence of the royal family of France. This vast structure has, indeed, no traditions of ancient feudal tyranny and magnificence, but is of comparatively modern date—it points to the bold and profligate Mary of Medicis, its founder and leads us on to the memorable period of that dark and bloody revolution, when the most horrible cruelties and atrocious acts were committed within its bounds. After a long interval, when its splendours were enshrined in the mightier glories of Versailles, it tells a sorrowful tale of a captive monarch, here suffering every indignity and insult, as the retribution of the detestable pride of his ancestors.—It conducts us onward to the furious anarchy, which preceded to the weak *dispensation* of that unhappy king; and thence to the more splendid and vigorous tyranny of a military usurper. When the measure of justice was once more full, the place of the giddy and arrogant conqueror was again supplied by the exiled race; but they have learned nothing, and forgotten nothing in adversity, and at the moment when we look upon this grand and magnificent palace, connected with so many important historical associations, we again see the ever-tortuous folly of the Republic weaving over its ruin.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ON HEARING A WOOD PIGEON SING.

Thou feather'd tenant o' the wood,
Thy music I adore,
It gives me joy a merry mood,
To listen to thy lore;
It cheers my drowsy spirits up,
An' wakes my soul within;
Makes me forget the bitter cup—
Wi' sorrow to the brim.

Perch'd on yon bough wi' majesty,
The echoes o' thy strains,
Convey to each wi' symmetry,
What thy bright genius claims,—
Arrest the traveller by the way,
Invite him to the maze,
There to partake o' thy sweet lay,
An' on thy beauty gaze.

Enchanted wi' thy mellow croon,
He flings a' care aside,
An' muses through the sunny noon,
Upo' the landscape wide;—
The belle d' ck'd wi' sawder lace,
Can't but enamour'd be,
Wi' the gay plumage o' thy mien—
Thy pleasing melody.

Thus dost thou joy to a' impart,
Revive each mental pow'r,—
Thou hast them stay, an' not depart,
But dwell within thy bow'r;
Thou soothest the helpless orphan's wails,
The widow's woes assuagest,
Till night's dark mantle o'er them steals,
An' sleep them a' pervades.

M. C. O.

LONG LIFE.

Throughout every treatise upon longevity, whether medical or general, there runs one singular and important error. Long life, in relation to habits of temperance or of excesses, is considered as a positive term of duration, without reflecting that it two men, the one temperate, the other the reverse, live to the same period, the former lives to the day of his extinction, whilst the latter has been living, or rather dying, with faculties and functions half extinct, alive to little else than privation or to pain, for probably twenty years before he breathes his last. Thus, of two such cases of eighty years, full five-and-twenty per cent. should be deducted from the latter, and longevity with intemperance will no longer be termed an exception to the rule, but a case not in point.

With respect to the truth of the many cases of extreme longevity that have been paraded in all writings upon the subject, opinions have undergone a very great change within even a few years. From carelessly admitting all these extravagant, exaggerated and unsubstantiated cases, we now fall into the opposite extreme, and are prone to deny that human life ever extended much above, at most, a century. Although truth lies between these two extremes of opinion, it certainly approximates more to the latter, and two facts bear very strongly upon the subject: first, cases of longevity are numerous and extraordinary, in proportion to the ignorance and barbarousness of the age and nations in which they are said to have occurred; and secondly, in later times, where cases of extreme longevity have been carefully investigated, by those interested in the assurance upon lives, in a great majority of instances they have been found either purely fictitious or grossly exaggerated. I have now before me a list, made out with astonishing labour and research, by a person who made the question the object of his study through life, and which contains about 1750 cases of persons whose ages have exceeded a hundred years; and yet, upon a severe scrutiny, it is astonishing upon what vague foundations many of them are found to rest; and above all things it is to be observed, that the extreme cases, in point both of number and term of duration, be to remote countries and barbarous times, where registers were inaccurately kept, or not kept at all, where identity was difficult to be traced, and where men had other motives to exaggeration than personal vanity, or the love of the marvellous and extravagant which is inseparable from ignorance. Our encyclopædias, upon this subject, are he le better than transcripts from one common origin, and it is amusing with what carelessness or credulity they have fallen into the most extravagant and palpable exaggerations and even misstons of truth. For instance, it might have been supposed that no fact relating to longevity, even to a fraction of days, could have been more easily ascertained than the longevity of the celebrated Sir William Paulet, the executor of Henry the Eighth, who died on 10th March, 1572, in his ninety-seventh year, but upon whom our encyclopædias and works on longevity have liberally bestowed the age of a hundred and six. In all such writings, there is a tendency to make out a case of above a hundred years.

When men have to judge from general returns, such as censuses of the population, it is astonishing with what blindness they omit all considerations of those universal causes which prevent such documents ever being correct. Even Lord Bacon, the most accurate and reflective of men, in his "Historia Vitæ et Mortis," calculates upon the many instances of longevity in Italy, from the returns or census ordered by the Emperor Vespasian, forgetting that the object of the census was to tax the people, who strove to make out cases of longevity in order to avoid the assessment. Even at this enlightened period, when the machinery of government is so perfect for collecting statistical data, our own population returns prove how censuses are magnified or diminished, even by millions, according to the interest of the populace. When men dreaded the militia, by bribery, cajoling, change of residence, and a variety of artifices, they escaped the census; and thus, when the war was over, and the militia became an object of desire rather than of dread we found a wonderfully sudden increase of population. In 1831, there was a general desire in all places to make out as large a population as possible, in order to share the benefits of the reform bill; and this also explains the immense difference between the census of that year, and the preceding census of 1821.

Lord Bacon really runs riot in his estimate of the duration of human life. We are led to believe that between Eudus and the Apennines, a small space, comparatively thinly peopled, there were 124 men of 120 and upwards—viz. 54 men aged 120 years, 37 aged 110, 3 aged 125, 4 aged 130, 4 aged 135 or 137, and 3 aged 140. We shall strive at nothing less absurd if we consult Pliny, (lib. vii. cap. 48.) With respect to Pliny, it is sufficient to ask, what confidence can be placed in him upon the subject, when we reflect that he believed in the reciprocal transmutations of animal and human life, and taught as a fact (lib. viii. cap. 22) that men were sometimes changed to wolves, and wolves transmuted to men.

Antiquity upon this subject is worse than a fable; and the middle ages are worse than antiquity. Were we to believe in either, longevity would be the rule, and life terminating under seventy years of age would be the exception. Eusebius maintains (Sedden de Stoen. Ebr. c. 24) that Noah made a will, signed, *sealed*, and delivered it,—that it was *witnessed* under his *seal*,—and that by it he gave to his posterity the whole world, in fee simple. It would appear that he gave with it a portion of the antediluvian longevity, at least up to the period which afforded the means of cheeking days.

When we leave Vespasian and such authorities with their census of the poor, and come to classes of which the ages can be better ascertained, we find that, both amongst the ancients and in the middle ages, instances of extreme longevity are of very infrequent occurrence. Of Roman, Greek, French, and German emperors and kings down to the reign of James I., we find, in two hundred princes, only four octogenarians. Among the apostles and the fathers of the church, cases of longevity would appear to have been extremely common, and the a ccounted for by the supposition that they breathed divine atmosphere,—"Nihil spiritus nisi divinum." But if we go to a class analogous, their immediate successors, the popes, we shall find that amongst the first two hundred and forty there are only five who lived to the age of eighty, or a little beyond it. The extreme case is that of John, twenty-third pope, who reached, or is said to have reached his nineteenth year, in despite of his unquiet temperament.—"Vir ingenii inquieti, et nonis rebus studens, et multa transferens, nonnulla in melius, haud pauca in aliud." But perhaps his longevity was aided by his successful affairs, for he amassed great treasures.

It is amusing to run through the narrations of longevity to be found in the dark ages; and to some of which Lord Bacon says, with much naïveté, no e of doubt is to be matched than to authenticated history. We find Agathiarcus, king of Sicyon, or rather of Cadez, living one hundred and forty years; then Cinyras, the king of the Cyprians, who lived a most voluptuous life, reached his one hundred and seventh year. Many of the kings of Arcadia, we are positively assured lived three hundred years, and Lord Bacon says that *perhaps* this is fabulous. We find that in Epirus many of the inhabitants lived two hundred years, and one of the princes, Lirotus, a man of gigantic stature, completed his three hundredth.

Attached to these extravagances, are speculations, which would make it appear that all cases, and all places, all climates, all habits, and circumstances, are favorable to, and destructive of, longevity. Theories upon the subject have been endless and contradictory. The colour of the skin, its commonness and fineness; the hair, its length, colour, and quantity, have equally been traced as indications of longevity or the reverse, and then by the greatest of philosophers. Boys with red complexions had less chance of longevity than the pale: bald skin was a prediction of long life, but a rough or coarse skin, called a goose, was the reverse; a wrinkled forehead promised longevity; a smooth brow announced a brief career; rough and bristly hair foretold a hundred years at least; while silky hair brought early death with it. Bald people lived the longest, and to become bald or grey at an early age was an earnest of longevity. The locality of hair, such as on the upper lip or chest was indicative of longevity, in proportion to its height or elevated position, and yet we are that baldness on the very top of the head was longaccous. A large stature, if not immense, or long legs from the knee to the heel, with short bodies, or bodies large below and small above, were sure to live long; but persons to go from the knee to the hip, and so Lord Bacon says, *doersum attenuati*, never reached long life. That longevity prevailed if persons were skinny and thin, from sedentary employments, with meagre easy empers; and the *reverse* if they were fat, with an easy disposition. Fat in young persons indicated a short life; but in old it was a matter of indifference.—Among the ages considered certain of longevity were youth growing up late and slowly; muscular and corpulent ages; a small head disproportioned to the body; a neck neither long, thin, nor thick, but moderate; large nostrils; ears existing soon and not hairy; a large mouth; teeth large and close, and these all, teeth growing late in youth. Then we have a broad but not full chest, shoulders a little hunched, an abdomen not protuberance, large hands, with palms not strongly marked, little round feet, and calves not falling but from above. The next indications were large eyes, with the iris large and rather fiery; sensibility not too great to pinch nourishment, with free respiration; and veins rather large. Such were the following of the wisest of our forefathers.

As productive of longevity we find enumerated a very spare diet, total abstinence from acrids, moderate exercise, moderate sleep, the use of the bath and of oils or ointments, a religious life, a life of literature and philosophy, a country life, a military life in youth; and then we find recommended, as conducive to longevity, many drugs, which practitioners of the present day would be very loth to administer, from a fear of the law.

Painting the body was recommended by our forefathers, because the ancient Britons and Indians of Virginia, painted theirs and lived long. In confirmation of this, it was cried that the Irish, "though they lived naked in the wo ds, were long-lived by reason of their almost frying or baking themselves before the fire whilst they rubbed in or anointed themselves with quantities of salt butter."—"When Joannes de Temporibus," says Lord Bacon, "who is said to have lived three hundred years, was asked how he prolonged his life, he replied, 'By oil without and honey within.' On the contrary, when the Roman Judge, struck by the health of a witness, a hundred years old, put to him the same question, he replied, 'By eating before I was hungry and drinking before I was dry.'"

Of clothes, as conducive to longevity, Hippocrates recommended that in winter they should be pure and clean; but in summer, filthy and imbued with oil. We have seen very lately our faculty recommending dirty linen, and descanting upon the injury to the constitution from too frequent a change of shirts and nightgowns. The absurdities and contradictions of the ancients are known equalled by those of our contemporaries; and in nothing are the absurdities of our contemporaries so absurd, as in their dissertations upon longevity.

Having thus cursorily investigated the subject, as far as the ancients are connected with it, it will be useful to trace its connexions with the moderns. There is a general belief in the frequent occurrence of cases of extreme long life, though it will be found upon strict enquiry, that the data of such a faith is very unsatisfactory. Men is prone to this belief; it flatters a strong and natural passion, the desire to live long, and without pain or suffering. Mellein, in his celebrated "History of the Indies," tells us of one Numan de Cuena, born at Bengal who died there in 1566, in the three hundred and seventh first year of his age. Wonders or miracles, like misfortunes, are never single, and accordingly Maffe us relates that this man had had seven hundred wives, *some of whom had died* (very probably, in 320 years,) that he had had four sets of teeth, that his hair had frequently changed from black to grey, and from grey to black, and that he narrated with surprising accuracy all the circumstances and events of his long life. Absurd as the story is, the facts were investigated and fully confirmed by Ferdinand Lopez de Castogneda, the Historiographer Royal of Portugal. This is parallel to the belief of Parace lsus in his nostrum, or elixir vitæ, which would ensure a maximum life of 100 years, and in the efficacy of which the learned and scientific men of his era fully believed, notwithstanding that Paracelsus died before he was 40.

Hufeland calculated that of every hundred men born, only nine reached, and six passed the sixtieth year. Haller, a great authority on all physical subjects, came to a very different conclusion. He computed that there were 1000 undisputed cases of men having died between the ages of 100 and 110, 60 from 110 to 120, 29 from 120 to 130, 15 from 130 to 140, 6 from 140 to 150, and 1 to 169. In a work containing 7172 cases of longevity, from A. D. 66 to A. D. 1790, we find 3 lives of from 150 to 160, 2 of from 160 to 170, and 3 from 170 to 185. Let us see who are the three who lived from 170 to 18 , and we shall be able to judge of what wretched materials such tables are composed. The greatest age, 185 years, is that of one Kentigern, mentioned by Spotswood, who in the sixth century became St. Mungo, or St. Mungeh, and of whose life so many abominable are recorded as of his extraordinary age. The next case is that of Peter Torton, a peasant of Temeswar, in Hungary, who died in 1724, at the alleged age of 185. The next evidence of this fact, the existence of a certificate of nobility. Were it true, this Peter Torton would have been older than Abraham by ten years, than Isaac by five, only twenty years younger than Terah, Abraham's father, and 37 years older than Nahor, Abraham's grandfather. The third case is from the same place. John Rovin of Temeswar, in Hungary and his wife, are said to have died in 1741, the former aged 172, the latter 164. They were married 148 years, leaving only two daughters and two sons, the youngest of the latter being 116 years old at the time of their death. These cases are altogether unworthy of credit; and we come to the oldest cases admitted by Haller, that of Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, Yorkshire; and Thomas Parr, of Winnington, Shropshire. The first died in 1670, aged 169; and the other in 1635 aged 153.

These cases are very disputable. Both Parr and Jenkins were born before we had any parochial registration of births, and they both died long before parish registers were kept with any care or regularity. The case of Jenkins was made the most of in the investigation into it in the "Philosophical Transactions."—A law years before he died (April, 1665,) he was sworn as a witness in a cause, and deposed to facts that had occurred 140 years before, and on entry of the examination appears on the records of the Kings Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer. The principal proof of his great age was his assertion that he was about twelve years old when he was sent to Flodden Field with a bundle of arrows for the English archers. The battle of Flodden Field was fought on 9th September, 1513, and supposing Jenkins to have spoken truth, he would have been 169 years old in 1670, when he died. He used to narrate, probably from hearsay, but, as he alleged from memory, many circumstances relating to the suppression of the monasteries, and to other public events, all of which corroborated his assertion of his great age; and finally, four men of Ellerton, said to be a hundred years old each, asserted that when they first knew Jenkins, in their childhood, he was an old man. This last evidence—four men of a century old each, found in one petty village—throws discredit on all the rest, and it is obvious that the proofs are altogether insufficient to establish a fact of such an extraordinary deviation from the laws of nature. It is a case of probabilities, like that of every miracle and it is more probable that Jenkins told falsehoods than that nature thwarted from her course. Jenkins had been butler to Lord Conyers, but as the last century of his life he was a sturdy beggar-man, a great swimmer, and lived on the coarsest food, even of that age. Never did man live more eventful times; he must have seen four queens and one king beheaded—two queens divorced—republicanism in England supercede monarchy, and yielding to the Restoration—papacy destroyed, restored, and destroyed again—republicanism established in Holland—and the armada defeated.

The case of Thomas Parr is parallel in point of failure of evidence, and it is impossible to read the history of him in the "Philosophical Transaction," or in the "Harleian Miscellanies" without detecting the discrepancies of proof, and the credulity of the writers. Parr is said to have married three wives at the age of 80; at 100, he entered into Catherine Milton, and did penance in a white sheet, in the church, for the offence. At 120, he married a widow, and ten years after we find him at his usual day-labour in husbandry. The celebrated Earl of Arundel brought old Parr to the court of Charles I as "a special wonder;" but this was the age of wonders, and when there is a rage for miracles, they will always be found as thick as Sancho's proverbs. Accordingly when the Earl of Arundel presented Parr to the king, the Countess of Arundel observed a midwife to the queen, who was 122 years old, and who had been active in her profession up to the age of 121.

Parr had lived on the coarsest fare, and had been irregular in his times of diet; but, as the Earl of Arundel's establishment, he fared sumptuously, drank wine, and died of plethora. His body was opened by the celebrated Dr. W. Harvey, then aged 62; and the study great man, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, reported that his frame was muscular, his heart thick and fatty his viscera, and especially the stomach was healthy and strong; and his kidneys fat, though a little moved. Dr. Harvey drew a singular inference from this post-mortem examination, that Parr might have lived to the age of 200, from nothing that his anatomy displayed to the contrary. This inference presents us the truth of Parr's account of his actual age being 152.

In these, two of the best authenticated cases, full as there a little occasion to go to the others,—such as those of Laywarch Hen, the bard to King Arthur, who died in the fifth century, aged 150, and who in twenty-four battles was killed in battle; and the Saxons; of one Thomas Damme, who died at Mosbeck, Cheshire, in 1588, aged 155; Margaret Patten, who died in 1739, at the age of 137. Not one of these cases can be authenticated; yet all our writers have admitted them as facts, and have crowded them tables with such assertions as in case of Brown, the Cornish giant, who lived to 120; of Magrath, a Carvish giant, who died at 130; of Mr. Hall, the Welch tinker, who died at 118; Louen Trazo, a South American reputed at 118; Louen Trazo, a South American reputed at 120; of Thomas Parr, of Winnington, aged 152; of Salmere green, who died at Tregaron, aged 175; of Holmere green, who died at 169, in the Isle of Ivin the Macrone, who lived to 180, in the Isle of Jura the Western Isles; of Colonel Thomas Wooton, who reached to 146, in Ireland; of one Abraham Portee, who died at Charleston, South Carolina, aged 169; of who died at Staffordshire, who died at 160, who John Sands, of Staffordshire, who died at 140, whose wife died in the same year, aged 120; of John his wife died in the same year, aged 120; of John Mount and Margaret Fraser, Scotch peasants, each of whom died at 136; whilst A. Goldsmith in France, whose died at 140; and C. J. Drachenberg, in Norway, at 146. All such cases are recorded in early or barbarous ages and uncivilized countries, where the facts could not be verified; and thus we find that in one province of Russia, it is recorded that there were thirteen persons who, at ages amounted to 1551 years, or, on an average to 120 each—the three oldest being 168, 158, and 150; and the five youngest being each 110. In another Russian return, it is proved that, of 736,876 births, 216 lived to the age of 100, and 220 to above a 100 and four to the age of 120; while, in Norway, a report was forth that, of 6922 births, sixty-five lived above 100 years. The Chinese are more precious in their statements; for, in 1781, when Kien-Long made a census of his population of 600,000,000 souls, it appeared that there were only four ages exceeding a century.

It may be doubted whether the life of man ever reached to 120. The best authenticated case of this age appears to be that of J. Jacobs, who had been a peasant on the estate of the Prince de Beauvermont, and who travelled, at the age, from the Jura mountains to Versailles, to thank the National Assembly for having relieved him from the feudal yoke. He was received by all the members standing and uncovered, was allowed a chair, and to sit with his hat on. A collection was made for him amongst the members, which amounted to £500 sterling. He was buried on Saturday, Jan. 31, 1790, in the church of St. Eustace, in Paris. The next best authenticated case is that of Mr. Ingleby, ninety-five years a domestic in the Webster family who died in 1798, aged 117.

According to all statements, it would appear that all climates are favourable to longevity. We find these miraculous ages in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and burning Ethiopia and India; in the severe climates of Norway, Russia, Scotland, and the North of England; in the temperate climates of Madeira and France; in the distant Isle of Madeira, in the ever-misty isles of Scotland—in the well drained lands of England, and in the bogs of Ireland—in inland countries—on the sea-shore—on the mountain top—on the plain, and in the filthy lanes and alleys of London. No theory of locality, air, regimen, or diet can tally with these stories of longevity; for we find long life amongst the poor and rich, the luxurious, the temperate, the abstemious, the active and the indolent, the wise, the black, the savage, and the civilized. The only two facts that appear to answer to all cases are, that longevity is promoted by cleanliness and almost all the injury from alcohol. The last of these is unquestionable; but even against the other, it must be observed, that longevity is found amongst the poor of sordid habitations and filthy employments; and that it is said to have existed most amongst our ancestors, where domestic habits were exceedingly filthy, and it now exists most in Scotland, and those parts of England where the cleanly habits of the south prevail the least. The Russians and the Irish are proverbially the least cleanly people of Europe, and yet they have their full share of antediluvian longevity. In Dublin Lying-in-Hospital, in four years ending 1781, 5944 infants had died out of 7650 births. The hospital had been in a state of filth beyond credibility. A system of cleanliness and ventilation was introduced, and the number of deaths in the four following years was only 1116. A similar reduction of deaths, a few years ago, was produced in the barracks of Barbadoes, by a system of cleanliness.

In England, most in the longevity now proved, of that which was formerly asserted—of longevity ancient and modern—has been found to the north of the Humber, and to the west of the Severn. It seems to have always run in a line from the south of the Tees, in a south-west direction, towards Herefordshire. There are very few cases of extreme longevity attributed to the midland, southern and eastern counties. There is one case, that of John Rolle, who died in Southampton-shire, on the 5th of April 1705, (if it be true,) aged 126; a case of John Wilson, of Warkingworth, Suffolk, who lived to 116; and we have just seen the case of Ingleby, who died at Battle Abbey, in Sussex, in 1798, at the age of 117.

We may form some idea of the want of data and of authenticated facts that has hitherto prevailed on the subject of life and population, from the extraordinary circumstance that even Dr. Price committed the monstrous absurdity of calculating that the population of all England and Wales had *decreased* by one fourth since the Revolution of 1688.

It seems remarkable that lower cases of excessive longevity, real or fictitious are to be found in those counties in which the average of human life is the greatest. Shropshire and Yorkshire (even if allowance be made for the greater extent of the latter) are the greatest number of excessively-long lives; and yet the average duration of existence in these counties is less than that of Cardigan, Cornwall, and Gloucestershire, in two of which the population is entirely agricultural, while in one (Cornwall) it is mainly one and mining; and in Yorkshire, a great portion of it is not only manufacturing, but employed in manufacture very destructive to life. The severest influence to longevity, in our opinion, being manufacturing, and yet a number of the highest cases of longevity are to be found in that county.

As theory generally has long life for one in families, and yet Sir John Sinclair noted that, amongst 566 persons who had passed the age of eighty, only 303 could make it appear that they had even one parent, male or female, who had been as old as themselves. All *data* upon the subject is involved in confusion; and it must be still more confused, for although we have better means than formerly for arriving at statistical facts and details, individual habits become more diversified as commerce increases, as the powers of intermixture and change of locality are multiplied; and as knowledge, mixed with error, and diversified to infinity, is diffused amongst all classes, both of rich and poor, individual diversities become beyond all calculation, and defy all powers of classifying and generalizing. Alcohol slays its thousands and tens of thousands amongst the poor, and quackery with ill-directed poisons, performs the same service for the rich—quackery, not only advertised and wholesale, but individual and secret. A short dig-nive anecdote, which I had from a friend, may be both illustrative and amusing.

Sitting in the parlour of an eminent administerer of very useful medicated baths, in Marlborough-street, a great client entered the room full of sturdy health, and overflowing with fine animal spirits.

"Sir," said he, "I suppose you are going to take a medicated bath?"

"No, Sir, I am waiting for a friend who is taking one; thank God, I have perfect health."

"Sir, I take one every day, well or ill, and generally two a day."

"I have never taken five shillings worth of medicine in my life."

"Oh! Sir, I see you are a most temerarate liver."

"No, Sir, I am ashamed to say, that from eighteen to the present hour I have been the reverse. Of all men living, my poor father was the most regular and temperate, and his affections were many, severe, and fatal."

"Aye, aye; I see how it is. When Judge —— found any witnesses of extreme old age, he questioned them as to their habits, and made memoranda of their answers. He discovered that the temperate and intemperate were about equal, but he found that all healthy persons and long livers were early risers. You, Sir, must be a very, very early riser—a very early riser indeed?"

"Quite the reverse, Sir, my Parliamentary duties are such, that, in London, my average hour of going to bed is three in the morning, and my hour of rising twelve."

After this, it was clear that not a word I said, or had said, was believed. The theorist imagined that the consistency of health with irregularity and late hours was so impossible, that the assertion was a most impudent imposition.

"Sir," cried he, in a tone of offended consequence, "you try the experiment. Go to bed and get up early, and when you feel your head well, find yourself able to grasp your handful of half-pence, as arms-length, as firmly as a giant; get up next day an hour later, and you will grasp them as before; get up the next day two hours later, and you will find you cannot grasp them at all—no, Sir, not at all."

"Bless you, Sir, get up any hour I may, I can grasp as firmly as a vice, more sovereign than I shall ever possess."

"Sir," said the victim of quackery, evidently disbelieving every word I said, "I was going down Regent street yesterday, when I felt in my head I don't know how—it was a certain sort of I don't know what—an indescribable something—a shoo—sh—I can't exactly explain myself, but you must know very well what I mean; so I went into a doctor's shop, and I said, give me three grains of calomel, seven of jalap, four of rhubarb, wish—and—and—all of which I find agree with my constitution; and so, Sir, I took the dose and went home, and I said to my wife, 'Now, my dear, I will take no food to-day—I am determined to give nature fair play.'"

"Zounds, Sir," said I, breaking out into a feigned fit of impatience, and aim-st of indignation," is that what you call fair play?—you turn your stomach into a doctor's shop—you swamp, overwhelm your nature—Bother her, all she is mostly exists, and this you call giving nature fair play?—a plague on such fair play!"

Here the bath was announced, and the sturdy, nonsensical gentleman went to take his cure for his non-sentience!

But returning to the subject of longevity, it is to be observed that certain classes of men live to a great age such as painters (persons and it seems are the reverse) the Vandykes, Michael Angelo, Titian, Guercini, Guido, Murano, lived to a good old age. The musicians have lived long; and, notwithstanding, all that is said against under my employments, we shall find that men who live by the brain, who are educated, and, consequently, whose nervous systems are more called into exercise than the muscular, exceed in longevity the laboring classes, even when they are well fed, and not overworked.

Dr. Cheyne commences his Essays on Health by saying that he who lives medically lives miserably. By excess of gluttony and drinking he had brought himself to a prodigious size, and suffered under all the worst effects of excessive plethora; he tried and he diet he got one cwt of flesh and received bread with one pint of wine per diem, and he got rid of his enormous bulk, and of all his complaints, and lived to the age of seventy-two. This quantity of food is considered the maximum requisite for a hard-working man.

The sources of longevity, are, what we often consequence, of health which we live, have always been classed under six heads:—parentage, air, diet, exercise, sleep, and government of the passions. In going deeply and extensively into the subject, the exceptions to all these elements of long life are found almost as numerous as the examples; and the only infallible, uniform, and universal inference that can be drawn is, that, *cæteris paribus*, men live to great and enjoy the best health, who most abstain from wine, spirits, or alcohol under any shape.

SLEEP.

When on the bed of rest I lay,
And night her sable curtain throws
Its shadows o'er the light of day,
I sink into a calm repose.
Sleep, a memento of our death,
Freed for a time of every care,
Each respiration of our breath
Should lead our thoughts to silent pray'r.

When angels their soft vigils keep,
To guard me from approaching ill,
Soft transports o'er my slumbers break,
And heavenly thoughts my bosom fill.
But when with each returning day,
Our sorrows and our troubles flow;
We sigh, we wish, and oh! I see my,
The light few comforts can bestow.

'Tis by omnipotence designed,
That pleasures fleeting as the air,
Should not attach our wav'ring mind
To earth; to ah! our home's not there.
For ours will speedily be over,
The world, and its any phantoms too!
Transient in every earthly joy,
They quickly vanish from our view.

Then rest your hope on joys above,
Where endless happiness await
Those pious souls, where peace and love,
Confluens them thro' the ethereal gate.
There angels, saints, and martyrs dwell—
Where homage to Jehovah's given;
In anthems kind, their voices swell,
And echo through the vaults of heaven.

AGNES.

MY FIRST DINING OUT.

"And so Mrs. Lawton has been here to see you, since I went out. I wish I had been at home. Well, what did she say?—did she ask you to go and see her?"

"Yes," answered I, "she asked me to dine with her on Saturday."

"Indeed! Saturday! that is a compliment of no slight degree. I can tell you—it is the day they see only family connexions and particular friends. Well, I am glad you will have an opportunity to see what *style* is. How did you like Mrs. Lawton?"

"Very much. She seems to be a sensible, unpretending sort of woman: and her daughter, to her close attachment, looked as sweet and innocent as a shepherdess."

"Yes! they are very amiable ones, I can assure you, one of the first families in the city—very fortunate for you that you had letters to them. But what did you wear? what did you have on, when they called?"

"I had on the gown I have on now. I have not changed my dress," said I.

"What! that olive-coloured gown! and that plain hand kerchief! and your hair tucked behind your ears, like a Quaker! Why, my dear, why did n't you change your gown?"

"*Be—cause*," answered I, with some impatience. "I was dressed well enough; they did not come to see my dress, I suppose—and they looked very simply themselves—and more than that, if they only value me for my dress then I don't want their acquaintance, that's all."

"Very well indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Allerton, "and very true; and I don't doubt if they knew you they would see no more in one dress as another; but first impressions, you know, are important, and I entreat you to be a little more attentive to them. Now let us go to Haring's room; I want to show you a new picture—one of my favourites."

"That is delightful," said I, as we returned from seeing Haydon's great picture of "Christ entering Jerusalem;" "how much of pleasure there is, in admiration, merely, of the efforts of genius! how much must there be in the efforts themselves!"

"I don't know, my dear—we have the pleasure unalloyed, but we know nothing of the anxious days and sleepless nights of the artist. If he even a much, he must suffer much, perhaps, in proportion as he feels and fancies beauty, must be the impatience and irritability of his mind, that he cannot embody his conceptions. Shall we stop here, and purchase the handkerchief we talked of?"

My mind was so full of "the efforts of genius," that I paid very little attention to the handkerchief; so Mrs. Allerton selected a yellow one, with large flowers, which I thought very pretty, and which I found, from my own fancies beauty, must be the impatience and irritability of his mind, that he cannot embody his conceptions. Shall we stop here, and purchase the handkerchief we talked of?"

My mind was so full of "the efforts of genius," that I paid very little attention to the handkerchief; so Mrs. Allerton selected a yellow one, with large flowers, which I thought very pretty, and which I found, from my own fancies when I got home, was the impudence

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, May 16.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 20 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.
☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

Washington Irving, Esq. has been appointed a Regent of the New York University—a merited compliment to a man of eminent talents and genius.

There was quite an interesting boat-race on the Schuylkill, above the dam, on Wednesday—the parties being the members of two rival boat-clubs. The boats in the race were the *Imp* and *Sulph*; the latter proved victorious, and performed a distance of three miles and a half in 10 minutes and 15 seconds.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The publication of the "Philanthropist," a weekly sheet devoted to Temperance, Education, &c., has been commenced in this city.

Carey, Lea and Blanchard, are about to publish a new American novel, from the pen of J. P. Kennedy, Esq. of Baltimore, author of "Swallow Barn," &c. Its title is "Horse-Shoe Robinson" and the scene is laid in Virginia and South Carolina, during the Tory ascendancy. It is said to be a story of great power and interest. We hope to be able to publish a chapter next week.

PAUL ULRICK.—We are gratified to learn that Morris Mattson's new novel, entitled "*Paul Ulrick, or the adventures of an Enthusiast*," is now in the hands of the Harpers, by whom it will speedily be published. Having had an opportunity of perusing a portion of the Mss. we feel confident that the work will not disappoint the expectations of the author's numerous friends, who await its publication with impatience. Mr. Mattson gained much credit by his translation of "Hours of Devotion," and the favorable impression which the public have in relation to his talents, cannot fail, we believe, to be confirmed by *Paul Ulrick*, which must, we think, prove a very popular novel.

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.—We have been favored with several more numbers of this publication. They contain the conclusion of Don Quixotte, Memoirs of Prince Eugene, and the Diary of an Invalid.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHART.—We have now before us a large chart, projected by Mr. Bicknell, of Hartford, Ms., which is designed for the use of families and schools, and promises to be a useful auxiliary in the great cause of Education. It contains a great mass of statistical, political and geographical information, and along the surface there are on the margin of several interstices, a set of questions applicable to the several states of the union for one opening, to the several countries of the eastern hemisphere on another; and to the leading features of the hemisphere on another; and below these, cards revolve and bring up answers to all the questions for any particular state, nation or division.

The chart contains also a number of useful tables, and a variety of information descriptive of the several continents of the world.

Mr. Weeks, No. 54 north Fourth street, is the agent for the sale of the work in this city.

The May number of the Knickerbocker, just published, contains a number of very excellent papers, and several beautiful articles of poetry. The publishers do not flag in their exertions to please their readers. Among the contributors to this number are Professor Rafinesque, Miss Browne, Mrs. Ellett, Timothy Flint, J. McLellan, James G. Percival, Grenville Mellen, Joseph C. Neal, and other writers of established reputation. The Knickerbocker merits a liberal support.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S WORKS.—The ninth volume of the uniform edition of Mrs. Sherwood's works, has just appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers, New York. It contains a part of "The Lady of the Manor." One of Mrs. Sherwood's best productions, which was originally published in seven or eight volumes. In the present edition it will be given in four. Two handsome engravings are appended to this volume; the series will be completed in the publication of three more volumes.

THE STRANGER IN AMERICA.—Dr. Leiber's new work on America, entitled "Letters to a Gentleman in Germany," lately published in this city, is a volume far different in its character from those which have lately been written by English travellers. So far as we have progressed in its pages we have found nothing to condemn, while the spirit of liberality and the sound and discriminating views of the writer, which are characteristic of the volume, have afforded us a high degree of gratification. As a nation we undoubtedly stand much in need of a well-written sketch of our manners and customs from the pen of an enlightened foreigner, for the natural tendency of every people to become strongly wedded to their own peculiar usages, prevents us, without doubt, from discovering our own foibles. The task of pointing out our national errors, must, however, be undertaken, neither by a disappointed old woman, nor a superficious young actress—both governed by rancorous prejudice—but by an individual of experience and enlarged views, free of bigotry and ungovernable passion, and suffering under no disappointment on the score of extravagant and preposterous expectations.

Such a gentleman is Dr. Leiber; a man of extensive erudition, distinguished in the literary world as the author of several meritorious works—a traveller and a philosopher. He has undertaken the task of sketching the peculiarities of the citizens of the United States, with a mind well stored with substantial information, and with a disposition and desire to render full justice to the subject. His work has afforded us much pleasure, and we doubt not but that it will be popular with every impartial American.

We have not space for a long extract this week, but furnish a paragraph or two in relation to fast eating, a practice so notorious among Americans, that it is folly to attempt to deny it.

The work is dedicated to Washington Irving, Esq. It is published by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of this city.

It has been often observed that Americans eat quickly, and devour instead of dining. I subscribe to this with respect to all the classes busily engaged in any occupation of industry, and in the case of nearly all public houses, steamboats, &c. I do not wish to detain you with an inquiry into the probable causes of the rapidity in eating, the connexion of which with other national traits, can, in my own opinion, be satisfactorily traced; nor into its probable effects, such as a universal tendency to indigestion; which, however, stands undoubtedly in some connexion also with the many sudden and violent changes of weather which we have to endure. But I will mention one fact which, singular as it is, I have observed no often, that I think I can rely on its truth. It is well known how intimately all our senses are connected with each other, and how much the sense of hearing affects that of taste. If a person be desirous of tasting something very delicate, or to find out some ingredient of a mixture by taste, he either shuts his eyes or looks vaguely into the air; and, if there be much noise in the room, says "Be quiet for a moment." It would require considerable time to accustom one's self to taste with fine discrimination, surrounded by a great noise. No chymist, in a situation of this kind, would trust his taste in a scientific and delicate inquiry. Hence it is absurd to have Turkish music during dinner, if the host gives something exquisite; if he give poor or common fare, the more noise the better. Soft and very harmonious music might, perhaps, not interfere with a connoisseur's silent meditation upon the delicate *bouquet* of prime Latour or Margaux, or the delights of a savory and juicy snipe. But the music ought not to be so good as to draw the attention from the primary object of a *diner chaist*; for it is impossible to have two ideas, or the clear consciousness of two distinctly different sensations, at once. You will not be surprised, then, if I tell you that I always have found the people on board a steamboat to eat faster, the faster the machine goes. If the boat stop during dinner, the rattling of knives and forks abates; not only because a few inquire at what landing-place the boat is, (for people who pay no attention to the place where the boat happens to be, but continue to occupy themselves with the dinner, unconsciously relax in their exertions;) but also, and principally, because the engine slackens its pace. As soon as the piston resumes its activity, the clattering of plates and clanking of knives recommences in all its vigor. The engine produces the sensation of quickness and bustle upon the mind, which, with this general impression on the sensorium, cannot avoid imparting it to the nerves of the hands and the lower jaw.

If, as I have no doubt, the velocity with which every thing around us proceeds, influences our whole disposition, I am sure the inhabitants of Mercury, which moves at the rate of three hundred and fifteen miles in a second, must dine so quickly, that a Yankee would be cons dered with them an old English country gentleman; and perhaps they restore the deponitus, before they are removed; at all events, they would not have talked about it half a year,—while, on the other hand, a senator, haranguing against the bank of Urania, would begin his speech in the year 1800, and on new-year's day of 1900, would be just saying, "One word more, Mr. President, and I have done."

TOUCH YARNS.—This is another volume of sea stories, just published by Carey and Hart of this city. It is from the pen of "The Old Sailor," author of "Greenwich Hospital," &c. and will prove an acceptable treat to all who delight in perils of the sea, and scenes of storms and excitement. Several of the tales are exceedingly well told, and the style of the writer, in general, is sprightly, vigorous and entertaining.

THE INFIDEL.—By the author of "Calavar."—The merits of Calavar are doubtless well known to most of our readers, and we may therefore anticipate the reception they will give to this later production of the same gifted pen.

Dr. Bird is a writer of acknowledged merit, and well earned reputation, and he deserves no little praise for the exertions he has made to render himself practically acquainted with the scenes with which he incorporates his narrative, and the faithfulness with which he portrays the men, and incidents of *the conquest*.

There is a thrilling mixture of the wild, and grand—of the darker features of the human character, with its native dignity and lofty principles, that serves to chain the attention of the reader, and gives to the work a decided impress of powerfully conceived incidents, ably grounded and faithfully sustained.

We can conceive no subject better calculated to aid the purposes of the novelist, than the one selected by the author of "*The Infidel*," as it associates with it details of an aspect so checquered and eventful that when viewed by the cold glances of incredulity upon the historic page, it gives latitude to the sceptic to doubt whether they are more than mere matters of tradition.

What they may become when pencilled by genius, and clothed in the drapery of inventive taste, we see before us in the pages of *the Infidel*, and although we are prone to condemn the error of the times, in giving birth to so many works of a doubtful if not pernicious tendency, yet were they all as masterly drawn as this, we could half forego the moralist, in the desire to encourage and aid the elevator of our national literature.

We have marked one or two passages, for which we will endeavor to find a place at no distant day, for the gratification of those of our readers who may not be able to avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring the work.

JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES.—Number thirty-one, for May, of the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, has just appeared, well filled with interesting articles on various subjects connected with the practice of Medicine, extraordinary cases of disease, &c. The communication from Dr. Jno. A. Elkington, in relation to a case of scales in a child of four years, presents a most remarkable instance of affliction and suffering. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard are the publishers.

CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE.—The Seventh part of this popular work, commencing with *Ana* and closing with *Apo*, has just been published by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. This number contains contributions from Drs. Coates, Hays, Geddings, Dewees, Wood, Griffith and Condie. The work is edited by Dr. Hays. Each number or part contains 112 pages, and it is expected that the work will be completed in forty parts.

The English edition of Fanny Kemble's journal will probably be as severely criticised by the liberal English editors, as the American edition has been by the editors of this country. The following article is taken from the London Age of February 15th. It is a commentary on those extracts from the journal which were published some time ago in the Boston Transcript, in anticipation of the work itself.

We take this opportunity of commenting upon a Diary from the pen of the *quondam* Miss Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler, in which, after commenting in sundry terms of revolting vulgarity, on the manners of a people from whom she has received a vast sum of money, and amongst whom she has at length become denizened, she fulminates in the same elegant strain against the "Press," by whose assistance alone she made the reputation she enjoyed, and which enabled her finally to possess a competence in life. When we remember the state to which the management of Mrs. Butler's father reduced Covent garden Theatre—that its goods and chattels were seized for taxes, and its re-opening rendered hopeless but for the mendicant application of her luniacy to the profession and the public, circulated and brought about entirely by the Press; and when we remember how the slight histrionic talent Mrs. Butler possesses, was, solely by the Press, magnified into importance, and attraction out of a purely charitable feeling, we confess we cannot find words sufficiently strong to mark our feelings of execration at the ungrateful and impudent manner in which Mrs. Butler has stated in her precious Diary, what opinion she entertains of the said Press. "Next to a bug," Mrs. Butler professes to abhor a newspaper writer; that is, she professes now to abhor them; but when she was about to make her debut before the public, and her family were literally begging for a subsistence—then these "bugs" were the most delightful things in existence, and were swarming in every room of the house she lived in field. We perceive that a sister of Mrs. Butler is about to be launched forth into public life as a singer, and it will be well to see exactly what support she is to have from these "bugs" at her starting, and it will be also as well for these "bugs" to calculate in their minds the exact return they are likely to meet, and to act accordingly. We hear, moreover, that Mrs. Butler has presented her husband with an heir-apparent; and if that be the case, and *Grand papa* is likely to appear in the "youthful line of business," (as he has so many years been accustomed to do) we sincerely hope his friends the "bugs" will stick to him in the characteristic affection of their race.

The March number of "The World of Fashion," a London periodical, has a notice of Fanny Kemble's Journal, from which we extract the following paragraph:

> We really thought while reading some of the passages, that the fair writer was about to enter into the minutiæ of her dressing room! and enlighten us upon the interesting subject of her daily ablutions! how much of fine Brown Windsor she used per week, and the sentiments which the sight of the *father and sister* inspired! We, indeed, looked for the particulars of the taking off the night cap, and the arrangement of the hair! for Miss Kemble (or rather Mrs. Butler) is remarkably particular upon points of far less importance and interest.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 10.

Fustian listening to Squibb, who is reading an extract from the Pennsylvania Inquirer,—Sir Oracle dozing over the second volume of Fanny Butler's Journal.

Fustian. Too severe that!—entirely too severe. Our friend M———, has exercised the tomahawk of criticism: better to have mingled pity with his indignation—*pity*, that this *would-be-Trollope* had not the sagacity to know that she was making herself ridiculous—

Squibb. Ridiculous!—Trollope!—Fanny Kemble Butler—the *naive* and interesting woman—the immirable actress—the—

Sir Oracle. Fetter, philosopher, who, fresh from a British *green-room*, cites our matters of censure, not only in the manners and customs of our people, but also speculates with all the *littleness* of London prejudice upon our political and civil regulations. Had she reprobated our *Folly* in becoming her dupes, we should have been forced to admit that we deserved it richly.

Fustian. How *piquant* is her "first impressions" with what vigour she delineates the incongruities of American "good society—the Asinine qualifications of the gentlemen—the French-aping show and ostentatious folly of the ladies—and then how candid and ingenuous when speaking of herself!"

Squibb. Rail on gentlemen Cynics! your abuse cannot injure the gifted authoress of the Journal. She has said no more than did Basil Hall, and Cyril Thornton, and every other writer who has made this country his theme. Culling many brambles and but few roses, it is true, but then you observe how generously she repairs the errors she at first made, by the subsequent annotations and marginal references which grace the work—the very opposite to what at first view she believed were facts.

Sir Oracle. Reasons of a mixed and selfish nature might have actuated her to insert these softening passages. From the uncompromising tone of national antipathy, which dates with the commencement of the *Journal*, and in fact continues until she closes, we have every reason to believe that the motives which swayed the Journalist in making these interlinenations, had their origin in something of a more personal nature than the wish to do justice in a case where she had repaid misplaced kindness and general attention, by ill-judged comments and vulgar satire.

Fustian. Yet we should not condemn too hastily. She is a mere spoiled and conceited girl, upon whose weak understanding copious draughts of flattery, with real praise of her merits as a mimic, has had the effect to make her believe she could shine as a Tourist. She is confessedly a person of strong intellectual capacities, which, if turned into a proper channel, would have enabled her to become a brilliant ornament in domestic life—the proper sphere for a woman to develope her rare and exalted qualities. The course under existing circumstances that she has chosen to pursue, is one where wiser and more experienced voyagers have been wrecked, its natural consequence to her must be—if she is alive to womanly feelings—deep mortification and shame.

Sir Oracle. There is much force in your observation. We should blame her want of judgment—not censure too severely the foibles which have their rise from the narrow and illiberal sphere in which she views the countries. Her speculations upon government, are, to be sure, laughable: albeit, some of them are clothed in verbiage less remarkable for delicacy than force.

Squibb. These remarks are not exactly what I looked for from you, as impartial spectators of this noisy burst of popular sentiment. As to the editorial phalanx, they are actuated by pique for the severe castigation, Fanny has thought proper to inflict upon them—poor fellows!—they are thunder-struck at the hardihood with which she demolishes their self constituted empire.

Fustian. Rather say, they are aroused at the temerity of an English adventurer, in attempting with the bulwark of her impotent self-conceit, to stem the torrent of opinion which has justly become incorporated with the Press. Their criticisms, no doubt, may at times have had open her faults, with more regard to the true ends of criticism, than she deemed necessary or deserved; but from our own observations, such instances were of rare occurrence: they have suffered admiration of the woman, and their gallantly to blunt the pen of censures—now they find that the *quondam* actress, who built her fame upon their praise, repays them by declaring—nay, *swearing*—that in consequence of their *unrefinedness*, she will have nothing to do with them. Methinks this assertion would have seemed more in unison with her boasted independence, had it been made public some two years previous.

Squibb. Such is your view of the case. Yet why should you assume the province of judging what may have been her motives in denouncing them? Other reasons entirely adverse to those you have suggested, may have urged her to the step which has caused every sentinel upon the ramparts to hurl *small pica* and *garbled extracts* upon their petticoat foe. In my opinion, she has proved her independence fully, to thus provoking the ire of the Editorial Congress.

Sir Oracle. Waiving this point, as it serves but of little avail, save to show her *contempt for fawours received*, let us take up some other point.

Squibb. The ladies, I suppose—eh?

Fustian. Ay! Even a bachelor must own that her remarks upon our fair countrymen—

Sir Oracle. Are not worth noticing; and even admitting that they were, we should not intrude upon the rights of those Quixotic spirits who, double, a, are empty ing their craniums and filling their inkhorns to inflict righteous retribution upon this satirist, whom envy, or a worse motive has induced to attack even her own sex.

Squibb. Let them keep their wrath bottled; it would produce no rejoinder from their object. Fanny was not with sparrows—and she is beyond censure.

Sir Oracle. I do not think with you—for in criticising the manner and appearance of the *American women*, as she chooses them, she should have reflected, *that what she saw*, was not *in most cases* the criterion by which to judge of the tone of society in the *United States. There are* circles where the lady, whose family "dates from the Conquest," never formed a component ——. There are American ladies, who did not visit the self-appellated "*descendant of a Saxon pirate*," or number in that audience which could not enumate the splendour of her theatrical mimicry sufficiently "*to rise to her*."

Squibb. Yet in point of family respectability, she is equal to any—*to all*. The having visited her, or received her visits, could cause no blush of shame to mantle upon the brow of the proudest descendant of Penn.

Fustian. I have a better opinion of the ladies of my country, than to suppose them capable of feelings of degradation in associating with any one whose conduct was beyond the reach of censure. But can we say as much of the developed history of this "snapper up of inconsiderate trifles." If her language in common is as rude, and her conduct as indelicate as that which clothes her pages, is it not different from that used in the social circles, which come under her lash? Show me any one chapter of her book, and I will mark it as betraying its *green-room origin*—and are we to suppose that a discriminating judgment, and critical taste, may be displayed by one whose contracted experience has been reaped in the purlieus of Drury Lane. I do suppose, that there are families notorious for ton and good breeding, in the British metropolis, who have not *as yet* been edified by the instructions of this *bathing Chesterfield*—this *Brydges of St. Giles*.

Squibb. And yet her descent is honourable, it not noble!

Fustian. Very—for rumour hath it, that some two generations back, her ancestor occupied the very honourable office of *bill-poster* to Covent Garden and Old Drury.

Squibb. Do you contribute any thing to the periodical literature of the day?

Fustian. Why——yes!—I have perpetrated a pun for Birch, and an epigram or two for the Post—but no further.

Squibb. And you, Sir Oracle!

Sir Oracle. Not for a length of time. I once published a dissertation upon the probable destruction of our globe, should the "*tail of the Dog Star*" come in contact with the horns of Taurus; and on another occasion I was guilty of an ode to Anna Maria S———, of Quadnunc Hall—but experienced a *bagging* in that quarter, and consequently left the field to younger and fresher spirits.

Squibb.—I thought as much—you rusty, crusty old

Fustian—Hold, good Squibb, nor attempt to vie with the Journalist of *till-posting pedigree*, in the use of choice and elegant epithets. In that line of authorship, she is far superior to either Madame Trollope, or Royal. Of a verity, Sir Oracle, I should like to hear her description of Squibb.

Sir Oracle—Something similar to her sketch of the *American gentleman*, whom, as she encountered riding, she observed, "Sat his horse very like a Jackass."

Fustian—Or in this vein—"Mr. Squibb called—*an American exquisite*—an anomalous beast—who, by my troth, because he wrote a vile *notice* puff on my performance of Bianca, thinks he has gained a right to introduce his anti-English nonsense upon my valuable time—*wishing him at the devil, I left the room, took hot bath, and wrote Journal.*"

Squibb. Excellent, gentlemen—perfectly in character with your abuse of this most lovely woman—this inimitable actress—this enchanting poetess.

Fustian. Whose genius is so resplendent, that, like murder, it will out, and found a vent even at the messtable of the "*Dear Pacific*. Poor girl! why did she suffer contempt and disgust at us, to deprive "*the thaumaturgist*" of the delight of weeping over "the sonnet about the wild pigeons welcoming her to America."

Sir Oracle. It may not be denied that she possesses some of the requisites of a poet; her imagery is in some instances excellent; her descriptions, at *times*, beautiful and original, and the feeling with which she treats of the poetic temperament, and its influence upon the mind, brothers it to that which, if rightly estimated by its owner, and practically exemplified upon her every-day conduct, would make Fanny Kemble Butler, really worthy of the praise, which, before she developed her petty malice and duplicity towards every thing American, was so injudiciously bestowed upon her.

Squibb. The views and opinions that you denounce as the fruits of sinister and malicious motives, are mere girlish foibles, the crude sketchings of a volatile hand, taken at a moment when her mind's eye was upon her native land, which she were less than a woman to forget.

Fustian. But the recollections of her *native land* should not have made her act a pander's part towards it. Unable to gain a subsistence in it, she comes to us, and her pecuniary difficulties obviated, she repays us, as we always *have been*, and always *will be*, by these unprincipled adventures, who think it a duty they owe their profession, to act the viper.

Sir Oracle. I have strong doubts whether this journal would ever have been subjected to the inspection of the American community, had not its authoress thought that its reception in England would pave the ways for her introduction into circles, where, I am sorry to say, the readiest letter of credence is a treatise upon us, written in the Trollopian, Kemble, or Fidler vein. Now that her pecuniary ends are fully answered, she, of course, returns to *Dear England*, and while laughing at our credulity, she will survey her *Anglo-Fashionable* form, which has become, to use her *own* elegant simile, "as fat as an overstuffed pincushion"—entertain her auditors with specimens of transatlantic vulgarity, (in listening to her stage mimicking) and tell how she gulled us into propping the ruined fortunes of her family anew—Query, will we enact the Dogberry to her younger sister's *grand entree*.

Squibb. You have proved nothing as yet to shake my good opinion, and I know your prejudice would not scruple to condemn the work to be burned by the common hangman.

Fustian. No! it is not of sufficient importance—it should be classed with the "Anti-Biography of Jack Ketch," "The Confessions of a Poet," with other chaste works of the day, and suffered to remain on the booksellers' shelves, to serve as a lesson to future adventurers, that their ridiculous trash meets no return, save oblivious contempt.

The New York Gazette vouches for the following as a true statement:

A SNAKE STORY.—"A few days since, but a few miles distance in New Jersey, a large hawk, seemingly in great hunger, was discovered hovering over the barn yard of a cottage, eagerly watching his opportunity to pounce upon the poultry below. After repeating his visits for a few days, he was fired at, but being missed, did not afterwards make his appearance.—In the course of a few days the gentleman who made the shot, was walking over the neighboring grounds when he discovered a dead hawk, apparently but a short time deprived of life. Upon examination, the cause of the hawk's death was discovered to have been the swallowing of a living rattle snake, which had eaten out of the stomach of the bird, and nearly through the skin, near the craw. The snake was about eleven inches long. The hawk was no doubt the same that eagerly watched the poultry, but fearing to return, and becoming famished for want of food, was obliged to eat his snakeship. The stomach of the hawk contained no food; it was stuffed, and now graces the private collection of a naturalist."

Among the passengers by the Toronto, which sailed yesterday morning, was James Brooks, Esq. of Portland, Maine, one of the editors of the Portland Advertiser, whose admirable letters from Washington and other sections of our country have been so justly praised for their propriety, forcible style and truth of delineation. It is the intention of Mr. Brooks to spend about a year in Europe, during which time we may expect to hear from him a fair and impartial account of the institutions and present political state of that country. His ingenuous and amiable deportment, added to a highly cultivated mind, are any guarantee for kind and hospitable treatment from strangers, Mr. B. has certainly a large claim; and wherever he goes, and under whatever circumstances he may be placed, he will be an honour to his native state and to his native country. Prosperity attend him.—*N. Y. Star.*

A proposition is now before the British Parliament, to repeal stamp duty on newspapers, by which the periodicals of England are rendered three times as high in price as those of this country. Lord Brougham is an earnest advocate of the repeal. The subject forms an interesting topic of discussion among the London presses, one of whom—the Standard—thus discourses on the multifarious duties of an editor:

> The justice of it is exceedingly obvious. An almanac is a newspaper—a penny magazine is a newspaper—Sir Robert Peel's speech to the electors of Tamworth, printed and circulated in a cheap form, is a newspaper—Mr. Buckingham's circular, sent under a member's frank, is a newspaper; for one and all of these contain news in which most persons take less or more interest, and all are anxious to see and peruse. A newspaper is nothing more than a compilation of historical events, some of them near and some remote, some of them connected with trade, others with politics and history, some, like the almanack, relating to eclipses of the sun and moon, others to foreign war and family discords, and some to matters of matrimony, prizefights, shipwrecks, music, quackery, horse-stealing, and loss of love and murder.
>
> Every page, every column, every paragraph of a newspaper teems with information. They contain the germs of history, science, and philosophy. They supply that which it would be difficult if not impossible to procure elsewhere. The ensemble of the press are the polypi of literature. Their feelers, collecting information, are extended in every direction. Every man of them is to general knowledge what Sir Joseph Banks was to botany. It is perhaps true that they are not often found sprawling in dirches, dry or otherwise, in search of blue daisies or four-leaved clovers; but they hunt hill and dale, the Holy Land and Billingsgate, the fashionable promenade and the blind alley, the House of Commons and the Fives Court, in search of interesting, extraordinary, and marvellous intelligence. In the pursuit of their calling they are found at high mass in the Spanish ambassador's chapel in the morning, and at Greenwich fair in the evening. They liaven with open ears to the harangues of O'Connell at the Corn Exchange on a Sunday, and they are solemn witnesses of the execution of one of the agitator's most particular friends and liberal tinctures at Kilmainham gaol early on the succeeding Monday. In short they are at the police office at nine o'clock to collect brief abstracts of a thief's history or a minor's improvident affections—at twelve they are sitting, but not weeping, over the remains of a beautiful female, age, nineteen, who had the previous night leapt from the parapet of London-bridge—at two o'clock they are at court attending upon Queen Adelaide, counting the diamonds in a duchess's head dress, and doing honour to the exact dimensions and splendid colours of her train—at six they are in the gallery, yawning over the nauseous prose and the murdered English Hume, or some other person equally respectable and stupid—at half past seven they are in Drury-lane Theatre, assisting at the final doom of Don Carlos, calculating their time with so much nicety that they reach the House of Commons at the precise minute when Lord John Russell is defeated by a majority of fifteen. At eleven o'clock they are at the opera in sufficient time to describe the brilliant execution of a favourite contain which they did not hear; and at half-past twelve they are eating oysters, or broiled chickens, or toasted cheese, with Alderman Wood, Mr. O'Dwyer, and a few other members of parliament, at some pet-tavern near Temple-bar.

We see it stated in the newspapers that Samuel Woodworth, the poet, has been appointed principal clerk to the navy yard at Charlestown, Mass. Presuming this appointment to carry with it a living salary, it gives us great pleasure to record it. Mr. W. is known as a poet of genuine talent, whose chief excellence is in the simplicity of his versification, rather than its sublimity or grandeur. He more resembles Wordsworth and Crabbe than Scott and Byron. His "Quarter-day," descriptive of rural scenes in New York will compare with any thing of the kind from either of the two models of simplicity just mentioned. His powers, however, are exceedingly diversified, combining sentiments of touching pathos and lofty patriotism with exquisite humor. Witness his "Old Oaken Bucket," his various naval songs commemorative of our last war with Great Britain, and his "Hunters of Kentucky."

Like all other poets Mr. Woodworth possesses but little of this world's "filthy lucre." He was bred a printer, and has alternately been an employer and a journeyman for the last twenty-five years. In prosperity he knew not the value of money—never thought of laying up any thing for a wet day—but would permit his generosity to strip him of his gains as fast as they reached his pocket. We met him nine or ten years ago in New York, when fortune was against him. Call and spend the evening with me, said he; I live at No. 42, ——— street. Don't forget—I want to see you. We went accordingly, and spent three or four hours in his charming family. He gave us his history for the preceding six or seven years, the interval which had elapsed since we parted. It was as diversified with joy and sorrow as are the touches of his own admirable pen. And now, said he in conclusion, I have all this winter bought my wood by the sixpence worth—an armful at a time—not having once been master of money enough to buy a cart load. There was a decanter of brandy on the table, which he had gone to the expense of obtaining for our entertainment. The generous fellow, who was compelled to buy his wood by the *armful*, could not invite an old friend to see him without giving the price of four armfuls of wood for a pint of brandy! Thank heaven, the temperance reformation has frowned down the custom of presenting liquid poison as a mark of hospitality.

Let it not be inferred from this that our friend was fond of the bottle. Far from it. None could be more temperate without being entirely abstemious. He was at this time a Swedenborgian preacher and editor of the Halcyon Luminary, and practiced in his daily life the excellent precepts he recommended from the pulpit and the desk. But some men seem born to become the sport of circumstances—to portray in their history the "lights and shadows" of this ever-varying world; and Mr. Woodworth was one of these. We rejoice to hear that he is now well provided for, and trust the evening of his life will be as serene and peaceful as the morning and noon-day were overcast and tempestuous.—*Wheeling Gaz.*

From the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

Dreadful Murder!—I have to inform you of one of the most outrageous cases of murder I ever heard of, which took place on Saturday evening, the 25th instant, at Silas Sommerell's store-house, in the county of Southampton—the place where our company master is held. On that day, Capt. Preston called his company together, for the purpose of electing officers. In the evening, after most of the people had dispersed, Captain Sommerell, who had been at a vendue at Lenow's store, rode up, and was sitting on his horse, talking to some of the company, when a fellow, named Patrick W. Ritter, was seen walking up, carrying a gun, and when within 12 or 15 yards of Captain Sommerell, cocked it; at which time, one of the company, who was noticing him, cried out, "Captain he is going to shoot you!" At which remark, the Captain attempted to alight from his horse; but before he could get off, Ritter fired and killed him, without a word having passed between them. Ritter was immediately apprehended.

LIFE INSURANCES.—A case has recently occurred in this city, in which the benefits resulting from a Life Insurance have been practically exemplified. Mr. Alfred Crease, of London, whose decease on the first inst. was announced in our paper, was one of those thinking men, who thought it prudent, whilst in health, to make provision for his family, in case of his death. He accordingly, as we learn, effected an insurance on his life with the Pennsylvania Company, about two years ago, for two thousand dollars at a premium of about two and a half per cent a year, which realizes to his heirs that sum, in addition to a further sum of fifteen hundred pounds sterling insured in England. It is really surprising, where the advantages of such a provision are so apparent, that every man of limited means does not avail himself of the opportunity of protecting his family from immediate want, even though it be by an insurance for a small sum. What man, who can spare twenty or twenty-five dollars a year, from his earnings and who knows that he has nothing to leave to his wife and children but poverty, should hesitate to apply that sum in realizing a thousand dollars to enable them to have time to look round, before being thrown unprepared upon the world? Those who cannot afford to spare twenty-five dollars, might spare half the sum, and indeed we suppose that the company would be willing to effect insurances for so low an amount as would meet the views of every family, however moderate their income.

EASTON, PA. May 7, 1835.

Distressing Scene.—On Saturday last our Court House was made the theatre of a scene which we hope not soon again to witness. A father was about to be sentenced for the awful crime of *Perjury*.—His agonized wife and daughter rushed through the crowd into the court with cries truly pitiable. They were carried out in strong hysterics and the wretched father received the sentence of the law—six month's imprisonment in jail—to be forever debarred from testifying in any court of justice and to pay a fine of $300.

Destructive fire at Frankford.—About 1 o'clock on Monday morning the extensive establishment belonging to Col. Duffield at Frankford, and which has for some time past been occupied by Mr. Wilkinson as a logwood factory, was discovered to be on fire. The building was within a short distance of the large dwelling house and stables of the Colonel; the wind being in the direction of the house, rendered its safety for a long time, extremely critical, and it was with the utmost exertions of nearly the whole male population of the Borough, that they were prevented from burning—however by timely and unmitigated exertions, nothing was burnt but the factory. The loss was very considerable, being at the least calculation 5 or 6 thousand dollars to Col. Duffield, and three thousand to the tenant. The flames of fire were carried to a great distance, and had the wind been higher, the presumption is that nearly all the building on the premises would have been destroyed. There was log wood in the mill to the amount of about $1500 belonging to various individuals.—*Phil. Gaz*

Equal Distribution.—The Agrarian principle is gaining ground in New York—almost every morning some family in that great city is enlarged from extraneous sources, by the addition of a little baby, whose parents being over provided, are willing to "shake their superflux" to those whose tables have fewer children rising round them like olive branches. The editor of the Commercial Advertiser tells, in his usual pleasant way, of a present of that kind, made a few nights since to the fortunate of his office.

Epitome of the Times.

We do not remember any time when the measles were more prevalent in this city, than they now are. We scarcely enter a home, but we are admonished of their presence, and the customary enquiry after health is met with a satisfactory response, "excepting the measles." It is a season of the year most favorable to the disease; though some of those upon whom it is our duty to look, are as "ring-at caked and speckled" as Jacob's cattle.

Mayoralty.—At an election for commissioners of this district, on Friday week, the following gentlemen were elected commissioners by a majority of more than 300—Isaac Rhubert, George Kirkpatrick, Robert M'Alee, James Ronaldson, Francis Lyons.

In one week only, the last week, there were five thousand two hundred and fifty-*four* passengers passed on the rail road between this city and Manayunk. Now as two children are counted as *one* full pay passenger, it is probable that nearly seven thousand persons passed in that time. This is doing a good business for a short road.

On Saturday morning last, the Coroner was called to view the body of William King, who was found dead in the loft of a stable in Coates street near Oak. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased had imported a load vessel the day previous, and it is supposed, in the evening not being able to get home, had got into the loft and died to death.

An Ancient Building.—From an article in the Philadelphia Gazette, we learn, that "Penn's Cottage"—the first house built in Philadelphia after the arrival of William Penn's colony—is still standing. It is situated in Letitia Court, which runs south from Market street, between Front and Second streets, on the west side of the Court, about 100 feet in rear of the houses on Market street. It is a small house 20 feet by 30, and two stories high.

The State Loan.—We learn that the State loan, for which proposals were sometime since issued by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, was taken on Saturday last by the Bank of Pennsylvania, at a premium of $12 02 for every $100.

The passengers cars which left Columbia at eight o'clock, A. M. arrived in Broad street on Tuesday afternoon, at 8 minutes past 2.

Fires.—Several frame buildings, occupied by poor coloured people, and situated in Ball alley, between South and Shippen and Third and Fourth streets, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, about three o'clock. The firemen hastened to the scene with their usual activity, and succeeded in preserving much valuable property.

At half-past nine o'clock, on Monday evening, a fire broke out in the hay house attached to the brick yard of Messrs. Fox & Clue, in Long lane below South street, but the flames were soon suppressed, and before any material damage was done to the property.

We learn that a gentleman of this city has voluntarily agreed to contribute one hundred dollars a year for ten years in aid of the fund for the relief of disabled Artists.

Physicians' Horses.—It has been positively asserted that medical men have stepped into excellent business by purchasing the cabriolet and well known Rosinante of some esteemed predecessor. We have heard of a famous old white horse in this city, and an antiquated canvass topped gig, making the fortune of an aspirant who had little ease to recommend him.

There passed through the locks of the Union Canal at Reading last week, 190 boats eastward, loaded with a great variety of produce, and westward 78 boats, laden with merchandize.

The City Council at New Orleans have voted the sum of $1,500 to the Firemen's Fund of that city.

Appointments by the Governor.

Thomas C Miller, to be Prothonotary, &c. of Adams county, vice John B. Clark.

Daniel Durkee, of York, to be president Judge of the new Judicial district, composed of the counties of York and Adams.

Appointment by the Canal Commissioners.

JOSEPH MOORE, Esq. of Columbia (Pa.) to be Superintendent of the Columbia and Philadelphia Rail Road, vice William B. Mitchell, Esq. resigned.

The Boston Patriot states that Mechanics are in great demand in that city—that masons who work from sunrise to sunset, receive from $2 to $2 50 per day.

The raft on the Red River, we learn by the Arkansas Gazette of March 31, is in a fair way of vanishing before Capt. Shreeve's "tooth pullers," and the aid of "Uncle Sam's" $50,000, appropriated last session. Already property has taken a great rise, and emigrants, with their stores, are flocking there. Land selling at from $5 to $20. There is now 20 feet water where there was lately total obstructions. The barrier of timber which Capt. Shreeves is contending against, has been accumulating for ages.

Church Leases.—One of the old leases for a large tract of land now in the Fifth Ward, granted by Trinity Church, expires in 1850, by which time the lessees are bound to "*remove the buildings, and leave the ground in good substantial fence.*" A pretty difficult matter this.—*N. Y. Star.*

Atrocious.—A fish pond about 5 miles from Providence was poisoned by some Vandal a few days since, and the lives of several persons who had eaten of the fish greatly endangered, many of them being taken alarmingly ill after partaking of them. The cause of this diabolical act was the circumstance of the owner's having prohibited fishing in the pond, as he had taken great pains to store it with trout.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company commenced shipping, for the season, from the mines at Mauch Chunk, on the 29th of March last, from which time till the 23d of April, 4705 tons of Coal have been despatched to Philadelphia, Newark and Perth Amboy. From the 24th to the 30th ult. inclusive, 3222 tons have been shipped, making a total up to the first of the present month, of 7927 tons.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will meet in Pittsburgh on the 21st inst.

The Boundary Line.—The Ohio Spectator of May 2, says that "unless something is done, and that promptly and without delay, we believe that all the horrors of a bloody and unyielding contest

Philadelphia Prices Current.

For the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicksler, Editor of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1835.

	100	4 80	5 00	New Orleans,	224 34
		6 50	7 00	Sugar-house,	47 49
				do. N. York,	47 49
				do. Philad.	48 49
				do. Steam,	46 50
				Trinidad,	31 32
				Porto Rico,	31 32
				Brazil French Int	33 39
				Hav & Matanzas,	16 19
				MACKEREL,	
		4 25	4 50	No. 1,	bbl 7 25 7 50
		4 75	5	No. 2,	6 00 6 50
	Duty free			No. 3,	5 00 5 50
		13	14	Oil,	
		11	12	Linseed, Am. raw	
		12	13	do. boil'd,	1 22 1 23
		11	12	do. Dutch,	1 25
		12	13	Whale, gal.	40 45
				Sperm, winter,	1 60 1 95
		12	13	do. summer,	85 90
	Duty 3 cts per			PLASTER PARIS,	
		19	25	In Delaware ton	2 37
		12	13	Ground, bbl.	2 37
		12	13	SEEDS,	
		18	19	Clover, bush	3 25 4 50
		12	13	Flaxseed, rough,	2 00
				do. clean, cask	
		12	13	Timothy, bush	1 50 2 75
	100 lbs	11	12	Herds, bush	
				Orchard grass,	2 00
				SUGAR,	
				Brown,	
	bbl	6 00	6 12	Rye, in bbls,	34
		5 75	5 87	do. hhds	34
		4 00	4 25	do. from wagons	33
				WOOL,	
		3874	4 00	Prime, Saxony Fleece	
	40 lb bbls.	16 25	16 75		50 55
				Am. wash, full'd,	50 53
		80	85	do. do. blood,	37 42
		81	82	do. do. blood,	37 42
		1 24	1 25	do. do. and com.	25 30
		1 24	1 25	Am. unwash full'd,	23 25
		1 20	1 22	do. do. blood,	30 35
		70	87	do. do. blood,	21 23
		81	87	do. do. and com.	18 21
		41	42	Super. pulled lambs,	40 42
				Wash'd,	35 41
		58	66	No. 2, do.	30 33
		58	60	No. 3, do.	23 25
				Factory, clean,	
				Spanish, B. Y. & S.	
				do. lambs,	25 1 00

ROBINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, May 16, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page—There has been no change in them for many years past

☞ Mr. William B. Dunn, has been appointed one of our collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of James S. Farmer, resigned.

Our friends at the following named places, are cautioned against paying subscriptions, &c. to the late agents, as they neglect or refuse to make any returns of the same they have collected.

Mobile, Alabama, late agent, John F. Pagles.
Ellicott's Mills, Md. late agent, S. S Palmer.
Troy, Missouri, late agent, John S. Benner.
Smokey Ordinary, Virginia, Edw. C. Smith.

We made reference last week to the reply of Mr. ——"the Old Gentleman," of Washington, to the ingenious aspersions of Miss Kemble in her Journal. The "Old Gentleman," we learn—and we are not conscious of any impropriety in stating the fact to the public—is Mr. Featherstonhaugh, the distinguished geologist.

Subscription books for the Stock of the West Chester and Port Deposit Rail-road, will be opened at the Exchange, in this city, on the 8th of June next. This road will form the middle section of a short and eligible route from Philadelphia to Baltimore.

Bank Note Engraving.—A new firm has lately been established in this city and New York, for the purpose of prosecuting the business of engraving plates for bank notes. It comprises John Draper, late of the firm of Draper, Underwood, & Co., Charles Toppan, James B. Longacre and Marcus Bull, gentlemen well known for their skill, ingenuity and superior workmanship in the art of engraving. We have had an opportunity of examining several specimens of notes just finished by this firm, and feel no hesitation in saying that they are much handsomer than anything of the kind we ever before witnessed. Much taste and skill are displayed in the arrangement of the figures, and the portraits on the ends, executed, we presume, by Mr. Longacre, are admirable. This firm cannot fail to secure a large amount of patronage from our public institutions.

SAVINGS INSTITUTIONS.

We learn that a new Savings Institution has lately been organized in this city, under favourable auspices, the object of which is to afford facilities for a safe and profitable investment of money, to mechanics and all other persons of limited income. The organization is upon the most liberal scale, and embraces, we apprehend, many advantages not to be derived from other similar associations. The members are men of respectability and capital, engaged in active business, professional, mercantile and mechanical, and their names cannot fail to inspire confidence in relation to the stability, usefulness and honest management of the association.

The institution has progressed so far that an office will very speedily be opened, in a prominent business location. Its leading features we shall notice particularly, in a future number.

The advantage of Saving Institutions cannot be questioned. They have a tendency to create a spirit of economy and frugality, and in many cases have been the means of elevating poor mechanics to wealthy and independent stations in society. There is scarcely an individual, in any situation in life, who cannot save a trifle, and that trifle, properly invested, will in time grow and increase to an amount scarcely credible to those who are not familiar with the rates of compound interest. Money, in this enterprising country, may be made to double itself in a few years, and with such an inducement to be economical every person and particularly every mechanic with a family, should make it a matter of principle to give some Saving Institution a small weekly deposit.

The institution to which we have reference will have for its President, a very prominent and popular citizen.

Northern Liberties Savings Institution.—Another of those popular and useful associations for the encouragement of economy and frugality, has been organized in the Northern Liberties, and will go into operation early next week. The location of the institution is in Second street above Brown street, a thriving and industrious part of the city, where business is rapidly increasing. The association comprises many of the most respectable business men, and bids fair to hold a conspicuous and useful place among the Beneficial Institutions of the city. Its objects are most laudable and we trust the benefits to be derived from its encouragement will be extensively felt among the honest and industrious of the working classes especially.

The election for directors will be held on Monday evening next.

Suicide.—We learn with regret that the Hon. Adam King, of York county, committed suicide, a few days since, by hanging himself. The deceased was formerly a member of Congress from the district in which he resided, was in easy circumstances, and stood high in the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. He was appointed by the Democratic Convention of the 4th of March, one of the Electors of President and Vice President, and we are informed that the Lewistown Convention placed his name at the head of the Electoral Ticket formed on the 6th inst. No cause can be assigned for the commission of this rash and melancholy act.

A dreadful fire broke out in a two story house, No. 4 Front street, New York, on Tuesday morning. The building was occupied, on the lower floor, by Mr. Dalton as a grocery, and by several families above. The flames spread so very rapidly that the inmates of the house were (nearly in number, would all have perished had they not, in part, retreated from their slumbers through the second story windows.

One of the families was that of a laborer, by the name of Mooney, who, in making his escape, fell upon the pavement, and broke his leg; and is so much injured otherwise, that his situation is deemed critical. He was followed to the window by his eldest son, aged ten years, who, recollecting that his mother, and the other children, one seven, and one a year old, were left behind, went to their relief, but the flames prevented his noble purpose, and all four perished. Their remains have been taken from the ruins, and a coroner's jury was summoned next day to take an inquest. Another person, a young man, whose name we have not learnt, aged 22 years, a shoemaker, who landed from St. Johns on Tuesday, also perished, making five, in all. Another person was severely injured in leaping from a window.

House of our contemporaries, we observe, are very severe in their criticisms on the course of N. P. Willis, Esq. one of the editors of the New York Mirror, who is now travelling in Europe. Some allege that he is an incorrigible fop—supercilious and vain in an eminent degree, and others do not hesitate to assert that the literary circle in which he moves in London, is by no means of the first rank, either in point of intelligence or virtue. We do not know what degree of truth there is in these remarks, but we sincerely trust that they are greatly exaggerated. Willis is unquestionably a writer of fine talents, and it would be a source of general uneasiness if his deportment should in any way bring discredit upon the infant literature of our country.

It is true that we do accord with Willis in all the sentiments and opinions which he broaches in his letters. His estimation of the talents of Capt. Marryatt, is far below, we apprehend, what it ought to be; and his very exalted opinion of Lady Blessington is probably as much too high. These, however, are mere matters of opinion in relation to which it is of trifling consequence whether Willis is right or wrong. Marryatt, the author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," and "Japher," we regard as one of the best English writers now living, and entitled to a much more prominent place in the temple of fame, than Lady Blessington or any other literary character spoken of by Willis, with the exception, perhaps, of the novelist Bulwer.

No error in opinion of this kind should, however, elect from the press of this country, articles calculated to injure Willis' reputation as a writer. He is a gifted poet, and a prose writer who must, eventually, become eminent among the literary men of America, and he should receive the encouragement and approbation which his talents deserve. Republics, it is said, are proverbially ungrateful, but the remark surely cannot apply to Americans, who, having so much to gain by the establishment of a national literature, should leave no available means unemployed for the accomplishment of that object.

One of the many inconveniences and losses to which publishers of newspapers are liable, may be understood from the following facts. A subscriber to the Casket, in South Carolina, who was more than one year in arrears, made a transfer of the work to a friend, in another place, and sent an order to that effect to this office. At the expiration of the second year, a bill was sent to the individual who received the work, for the amount of two years' subscription, but the gentleman answered it by saying that his friend in transferring the Casket, intended the work as a present, and of course he could not be expected to pay for it. The original subscriber was then addressed, and he returned as an answer that the transfer was not intended as a present, and that his friend was liable for the whole bill. Application for the amount being renewed to the "friend," he very courteously returned a double blank sheet, with a view of subjecting us to heavy postage, but the imposition was detected, and the kind intentions of Mr. William Reid, of McBrideville, S. C. completely frustrated. It is evident in this case that neither individual wishes to pay, but we are determined to see what redress the law may have in store for us.

Attempts of this kind to impose upon us are not unfrequent, and in future we shall not hesitate, whenever we detect them, to expose the names of all the parties concerned, that other publishers may be on their guard.

MANY THANKS REWARD.

We have been particularly requested by a lady on the wrong side of thirty, to insert an advertisement of a lost puss, an especial favorite with her mistress, who very mysteriously disappeared in the early part of the week, and has not since been heard of. Said puss, we are told, is of the ordinary size, white with brown spots, exceedingly handsome in figure, remarkably intelligent and sprightly, though at times excessively lazy and indolent. She answers to the name of "Jackson," and left her mistress, who has uniformly treated her with great kindness, without the slightest cause, as upon the morning of her departure she was well fed, and when last seen by the servant was enjoying herself in washing her face with her pretty paw.

Her mistress is disconsolate, and declares she will remain so, until "Jackson" returns. The ingratitude of the animal has nearly broken her heart, and unless another favorite, in the shape of a monkey, an owl or a parrot is speedily installed in her affections, her friends anticipate a settled melancholy and premature decline. All good people who feel for the sorrows of antiquated maids, are therefore enjoined to make diligent search for the stray puss, and if successful leave early information at No. 7 Old Maid's Row, between More-Nice-than-Wise alley and Rejected street.

National Convention.—A convention of delegates from the several states, will convene in Baltimore, on Wednesday, 20th instant, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of President and Vice President of the United States. Most of the states have already chosen delegates, and in this state two sets have been nominated—one by the Wolf, and the other by the Muhlenburg convention. Both sets, it is presumed, will be received. There is no doubt of the nomination of Martin Van Buren for the Presidency, and the choice of the Vice Presidency will probably fall on Mr. Rives, of Virginia, or Mr. Johnson, of Kentucky.

A democratic state convention assembled at Lewistown, Pa., on the 6th instant, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor. Fifty counties out of the fifty-two in the state, were represented by 124 delegates. The Hon. John C. Bucher, of Dauphin county, was chosen President; Lewis Dewart, of Northumberland, Daniel Small, of York, Henry Horn, of Philadelphia, John Scott, of Huntingdon, Patrick Mulvany, of Allegheny, Mr. Kuhns, of Westmoreland, Vice Presidents; and Andrew G. Miller, of Adams, Z. B. Zeigler, of Philadelphia, and Henry Colt, of Erie, Secretaries.

On entering into a nomination for a candidate for Governor, the Hon. Henry A. Muhlenburg, of Reading, was chosen by a unanimous vote. Martin Van Buren was nominated for the Presidency, and delegates were elected to the national convention. No Electoral ticket was chosen, but the convention recommended the assembling of another state convention, at Harrisburg, on the 8th January, 1836, for that purpose.

We have now three candidates for the office of Governor at the approaching election, viz:

George Wolf, of Northampton county.
Henry A. Muhlenburg, of Berks co.
Joseph Ritner, of Washington co.

The Whigs, it is presumed, will make no nomination for themselves. A large portion will support Mr. Ritner, the anti-masonic candidate, and others will vote for Wolf or Muhlenburg. We propose, previous to the election, to give a short biographical sketch of each of the candidates nominated.

Rhode Island.—The doubt in relation to the result of the election in this state, is at length removed, through the exertions of a committee by whom the poll books were examined. The result appears to be as follows:

The majority for Frances, Governor,		Jackson,	102
Engs, Lt. Gov.		Whig,	19
Almy, Senator,		Jackson	11
King,	"	Whig,	36
Weeden,	"	"	17
Corey,		Jackson,	4
Steere,		Whig,	7
Dimon,		"	198

An election for United States Senator will be amongst the first business of the session. The Whigs or anti-Jackson party, feel confident that they are strong enough to elect their candidate.

Aerial Voyage.—Mr. Clayton, who lately made a voyage through the air from Cincinnati to the Alleghany Mountains—350 miles in nine hours and a half—advertises his intention to make another voyage from Cincinnati to the Atlantic Ocean. He proposes to carry a mail bag, with the newspapers and letters of the day, but the course of the aeronaut, will be, we apprehend, as it may please the wind, without any regard to Mr. Clay or his wishes. Of the utility of Balloon ascension we have strong doubts, and we are sorry to notice so many attempts.

India Rubber.—There is not, probably, any production in the world, converted to so many useful purposes as India Rubber. We have not, as yet, found it being used for enclosing boxes of valuable goods. The French silks and other fine articles, with which as much pains are taken by shippers to prevent damage, would be perfectly safe from water, by using India Rubber cloth instead of a cover of canvas dipped in tar, &c. as is now the practice. A canvas dipped in tar, &c. as is now the practice. A canvas dipped in tar, &c. as is now the practice. A

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MAY.

Teresa, aye, green-mantled spring
Comes forth to bless the year,
She breathes upon each living thing
Her all-reviving cheer.
The birds commune
And sweetly tune
Their throats upon the spray,
To welcome forth
With songs of mirth
The dawn of flowery May.

How brightly flow the crystal rills,
Their flow'ry banks between,
The joyous flocks sport on the hills,
That rear their tops of green,
'Mong blooming trees,
Which scent the breeze,
The gladsome insects play,
And from each limb
Send up their hymn,
Unto the Gon of May.

Hail May! bright Empress of the year,
What bliss thy coming brings;
When rosy morn with joyous cheer
Spreads forth her radiant wings,
Among the bowers
To pluck fair flowers,
The maithful maidens stray
While birds rejoice,
And ev'ry voice
Declares the joys of May.

Then fair Teresa, be thy days,
One joyful scene like this,
To pluck life's flow'rets 'mid the rays
Of innocence and bliss,
May virtue still,
Thy bosom fill,
With hopes that n'er decay,
And light thee o'er
To that blest shore
Where blooms one endless MAY.—R——a

A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says: "She had twelve births in her ladies' cabin."—O life of one!" exclaimed an old lady, on reading the above, "what a squalling these must have been!"

IRISH ECHO.—Paddy—" Whereabouts are you, Mr. Echo?"

Echo—"What's that to yee—you dirty blackguard."

Extract from Mr. O'Connell's speech on Tuesday, 5th February, 1833:

"Gentlemen might laugh; but that *laugh* would be *echoed* back by many a *weep* and many a *wail* from his unhappy country."

PROVE YOUR WORDS.—A lady who had good reason for believing that her servant girl made rather mincing work of her pies, cakes, &c. when she was out of sight, began to upbraid Betsey, at which she of course swapped like a kitchen fire. "Betsey! I fear you are no better than you should be!" "What!—my!—no no say that again!" "Why! really, Betsey, I must repeat it—that you are no better than you should be!" "No better than I should be!" says Betsey, no taking the import of the words, as red as a beef steak and as tender to be sure—" No better than I should be!—I guess I'll make you prove your words, *I guess how I am better than I should be*," Betsey pouted and "was off."—*Claremont Eagle.*

SONG.

I've no gold in my coffers nor steeds in my stall,
Nor kine in the pasture my own I may call;
No ships on the ocean, nor corn in the lea;
But the dark eye of Eva looks kindly on me.

The rich ones may scoff me, the proud ones despise,
Their kindness—their scorn, I equally prize:
I care not for them, I'm both happy and free,
While the dark eye of Eva looks kindly on me.

The miser may smile as he thinks on his gain,—
The sailor may pride in the dark azure main!
How worthless is glitter—its wreck oft we see,—
But the dark eye of Eva looks kindly on me.

Here is an apt illustration of the march of the schoolmaster—the rarest specimen of epistolary composition we have read this many a day. It is a letter from one *Jacob Giles*, a boxer, who is beguiled to London from the country, by an advertisement about a *Fancy Fair*, and will please every lover of the droll, extravagant, and comical, being one of Tom Hood's most capital hits!—

A SPORTING EPISTLE.

"Honnord Sur—Dont no if you Be a Hamshire man, or a man attach to the fancy, but as Both such myself, have took the liberty, to write about what is no joke. Of coarse allude to being hoaxt up to London, to see a fair no fair at all, and About as much fancy as you may fancy upon the pint of a pin.

Have hollered the Fancy, ever since cumming of Age, and been to every Pugilistical fite, from the Cain Chicking down to the fite last week. Have bated Bulls drawd Boggers, and Kild rats myself meaning to say with my bone Dogs. Ought to no then wot a fare is.

Has for the Lonnon job—could see nothin like Fancy and nothin like fite. Only a Toy shop out of Town with a gals skool looking after it, without a gouverness and all ogelin like Wilkin. Lots of the fair sects bat no thimbel rig, no prickt ig the garter, no nothing. Am blest, if our bone little fare down at Goos Green dont lick it all to Styx. Bul-beating, bagger-drawing, Cuggle-playing, Raggin, a Sopped pgeiale, a Mone of Cox Jackes reaching jampin to Sax and a grand Sire Peal of Trouble Bobs paid by the College youths by way of giving a Belle Lile to the hole. Call that Fancy. Two Wild Beest Shoes, for theatres besides Horse-play a dwarf a She Giant a fat child a prize of five cariboo navidges a lurned Pig an Albany with white Hares a real See Murmaid a Fir Eater and lots of Punshee and Juddie. Call that a fare.

Now for Lonnon. No Sanderses—no Richardsen, no wumwills menageries no bucky boxis to shy loe—no lucky boxes. No Power makin no jugling or Dancing. Prest one yung lady in rugs cheeks and trowsers very civelly For a bit of a finger on the tite rope—but miss got on the hi rop, and called for a conmubble. Askt anuother in a ridding habit for the favor of a little horsemanship and got kicked out of her Booth. Goos Green for my munny! saw a yung lady there that swallerd a sord and wasnt too Particklar to jump through a hoop, Dutchesses look dull after that at a Fate. Very dignified, but prefer the Wax Work as a Show. Dont see anny thing in Wach Papers cut out by Countesses that have been born with all their harms and legs—but Miss Billins.

Miss say one thing for Goos Green. Never got my pockit pickt except at Lonnon—am sorry to say lost my Reader and Ticker and every Dump I had let alone a single sovran. And lost the best part of that besides to a Yung Lady that never gave cheap. Greenish enuf sayyou for my Tim of Day but I was gammond by the bagridge to bye five shillin Pin Cushions. Wish Charity had stayed at Hoam! The said Mare got a cold by waiting outside And the five Charrity pincushins hadnt Bran enuf in their hole boddys to make her a Mash.

Am told the Hospital dont clear unny grate proffits after all is dun and Lake enuff. A fare should be a Fare and folkes at Room eght to do as Room does. Have a note to Persons that keep Booths wood take moor Munny if they want show having the dubble drums and speakin trumpets and gongs. Theres nothin like gain the hole Hog!

Shall be sopry, sur, to see You at Goos Green next fare and pint out the Difference. Maybe in Flutesdress, and matchmaking and getting off Dorters along with the dolls, we ar a little cut out, but for Ginnen Fancy and Fun and Fair play its a mear Green Goos to Goos Green.

Remain Sur, your humbel to command,

Jacko Giles.

P. S.—Think Vallantrie day would be a Good fater for next Fancy Fare. Grant say why."

GENIUS AND METHOD.

From a letter of Diderot to Mlle. De Voland; published in his Memoirs.

At seven o'clock the company sat down to cards, and Messrs. Le Roy, Grimm, the Abbe Galiani, and I, began to converse. I must teach you to know the Abbe, whom perhaps you have looked upon merely as an agreeable man. He is something better.

A dispute arose between Grimm and Le Roy about Genius and Method. Grimm denies method; it is, according to him, the pedantry of literature. Those that can do nothing, he maintained, but arrange, had better not give themselves the trouble; those who can learn nothing but by means of arrangements had as well remain ignorant. "But," said Le Roy, "it is method which makes genius available."—"And which spoils it." They said a great many things which it is not worth while mentioning to you; and they would have said a great many more, had not Galiani interrupted them:

"I remember a fable, my friends, which I must tell you. It is rather long, perhaps, but it wont tire you.

"One day in the middle of a wood, their arose a dispute about singing between the nightingale and the cuckoo. Each gave a preference to his own talent. 'What bird,' said the cuckoo, 'has so simple, natural, and measured a song as I?'—'What bird,' said the nightingale, 'has a song so sweet, varied, light, and brilliant as mine?' 'I say few things,' said the cuckoo, 'but they have weight and order, and one remembers them.' 'I am found of talking,' said the nightingale, 'but what I say is always new, and never wearies. I enchant the woods, the cuckoo saddens them. He is so attached to his mother's lessons, that he never hazards a note he has not learned from her. I acknowledge no teacher; I laugh at rules, and it is when I break through them that I am most admired. Where is the comparison between your dull method and my happy flights?'

"The cuckoo made many attempts to interrupt the nightingale. But nightingales sing for ever, and never listen—it is a little failing of theirs. Our friend, carried away by her ideas, ran on without minding her rival's answer.

"At last, however, they agreed to refer the matter to some arbitrator. But where were they to find an enlightened and impartial judge? They set out in search of one.

"In crossing a meadow, they fell in with an ass of the most grave and solemn aspect. Such length of ears never was seen since the creation of the species. 'An,' said the cuckoo, 'we are in luck. Our quarrel is an affair of the *ear*, and here is an admirable pair of them. This is the very judge we want.'

"The ass was browsing, and never dreaming that he was one day to be a judge of music. But stranger things sometimes happen. Our two birds lighted beside him, complimented him on his gravity and judgement, explained the subject of their dispute, and begged him very humbly to decide it.

"But the ass, scarcely turning round his clumsy head, and continuing to browse most diligently, made them a sign with his ears that he was hungry, and that he was not that day holding a bed of justice. The birds insist—the ass continues to browse. At last, however, his appetite was appeased. There were some trees planted on the skirt of the meadow. 'Well,' says he, 'go there, and I will come to you. You sing and I will digest. I will listen to you and then give my opinion.'

"The buds take flight and perch in a tree. The ass follows them with the air and step of a chief justice. He lay down on the grass, and called to them, 'Begin; the court will hear you.

"'My lord,' said the cuckoo, 'you must not lose a note I sing; you must seize the character of my song, and, above all, be pleased to observe its contrivance and method.' Then drawing himself up, and clapping his wings each time, he began to sing. 'Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckuckoo, cuckoo, cuckuckoo!' and after having combined these notes in all possible ways, he held his peace.

"The nightingale, without any preamble, began to display her voice, struck into the boldest modulations, and warbled the most singular and original strains. Her song was successfully sweet, airy, brilliant, and pathetic; but it was not music for every body.

"Carried away by her enthusiasm, she would have sung longer, but the ass, who had been yawning fearfully all the while, interrupted her. 'I have no doubt,' said he, 'that all that you have been singing is very fine, but I can make nothing of it. It seems to me to be strange, confused, and incoherent. You are perhaps more learned than your rival, but he is more methodical than you; and, for my part, I am for method.'

"'Now,' said the Abbe, addressing M. Le Roy, and pointing to Grimm with his finger 'there is the nightingale—you are the cuckoo—and I am the ass who decides in your favour. Good night!'"

THE DEAF LADIES.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Or him that hears it; never in the tongue
Or him that makes it."—*Shakspeare.*

A gentleman who was fond of enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense sometimes of his best and most intimate friends, made up his mind to play off an innocent jest upon two ladies at his acquaintance, who were strangers to each other, but who, being well known to himself, were fit subjects, he considered, of amusing himself in his favorite propensity. These ladies prided themselves much on fashionable etiquette, —were always arrayed in the tippy of the beau monde, flirted and coquetted with the affections of many a worthy Adonis, and refrained not to toss about an envious head if any rival stepped in and threatened to stand in the way of their wishes. Clorinda and Clarissa (for thus we shall call them) were deemed by him fair objects of exercising upon, his mischievously powers; and he thought that if he could be so fortunate as to inflict upon either a salutary check, it would operate for the benefit of her besetting disposition. Now the only case where a joke may be excusably played off upon any one, is when it is innocently designed to promote his improvement, either in correcting him of his vicious propensities, or in leading him to reflect upon the proper course to be pursued as a member of the social and public circle.

Well, Honorius, the gentleman of whom we are speaking, called one fine morning upon Clorinda, just as she was preparing for a promenade to inhale the toilet scents and rainbow colours of Broadway meadows and proposing to escort her to the house of his friend Clarissa, for whose acquaintance she had often expressed to him a wish; it was immediately acquiesced in by his fair friend, and they accordingly set out together for the purpose of making a call on that lady. On their way he informed her that Miss Clarissa, though a most amiable and fashionable belle, was as exceedingly deaf, that it would be necessary for her to speak as loudly as possible, or otherwise she could not, he feared, make herself intelligible, and after expressing a severe shock at the calamity, and astonishment at the singular announcement, she promised not to spare her boldest notes to make herself agreeable to the lady she was so shortly to wait upon.

Miss Clarissa was indeed at home toiletted off in drawing-room softness, and prepared to do all the honours which a regular morning call's etiquette requires. She rose gracefully from her sofa to meet the gentle Clorinda, who was bowingly presented to her by the attentive Honorius, with an airy voice that might have been heard the distance of the opposite street.

"Miss Clorinda, allow me the pleasure of making you acquainted with my friend, Miss Clarissa W——."

The Indian courtsied and approached each other to reciprocate their civilities.

"Good morning, Miss Clarinda," said Clarissa, with a shrill treble key, elevated at least two octaves beyond the natural key of the throat gamut.

"I hope to find you well," screamed out Clorinda, with her dimpled face directed close to the ear of her companion, upon a note nearly half an octave higher than the voice which addressed her.

"Charming morning!" declared Clarissa, with her mouth as contiguous to the machinery of her neighbour as she thought it necessary to make herself intelligible.

Both ladies were seated. Honorius sat opposite, who said—" You had better set nearer to each other, ladies; you can by that means better understand each other."

The conversation went on in rather a dead march like style—the shrill trumpet voices of both keeping dull monotonous tone to each other, and enlivened only by the humorous pha ri Honorius, who was compla tantly looking on as if completely wrapped up in the interesting conversation of young ladies.

After a while, the battle of their fierce tongues brought on a considerable hoarseness—a dead pause ensued—the ladies looked at each other with pensive concern—would a smiling grin upon the countenance of Honorious caused Clorinda to suspect that there was something singular in the whole affair, and there was no doubt some trick about the deafness of her companion. Then speaking on a sudden, in a subdued tone, to Clarissa, she demanded—

"Miss Clarissa, why do you speak so loud to me, I am not deaf!"

"Not deaf!" responded they both.

"Why, Mr. Young, did you not tell me," said Clorinda, "that Miss Clarissa was deaf?"

"And did you not inform me too," retorted Clarissa, "Mr. Y.—, that Miss Clorinda was deaf?"

The young ladies were exceedingly confused—and it was only the good natured sunshine of Honorius' eyes that chased away the gathering darkness of the storm.

"Pardon me, young ladies," said our hero, "I have been I perceive, most egregiously in fault; I always understood that you were, both of you, miserably deaf to the entreaties of every suitor bold enough to make an application for your hands, and I sincerely protest to you—*sub rosa*—that I merely meant to say, that you were deaf in that sense. But permit me to say, that as I have been mistaken upon that head, that you will manifest your readiness to listen to the first sincere proposals you may receive."

The young belles accepted the explanation of Honorius, on condition that he would make no more dupes of any more of his female friends; and he as willingly complied with their terms, on condition that either would not turn a *deaf ear* to any proposals he might think proper to make them.

Whether the foregoing adventure made any impression or not upon the parties, certain it is the young ladies were both cured of their coquetish airs. Clorinda was married soon after to Honorius, and Clarissa has been many years a wife, also with a blooming family around her—and the story has been frequently told by both, as a warning to jilting lasses to beware of *turning a deaf ear* to the voice of matrimonial alliance.

THE TIME O'NIGHT.—"What time o' night is it?" said a country lass to a dull spark, of whose company she was tired.

"Why," said he, "I reckon it's just about nine."

"Then just about nine is just about the time that boys ought to be at home," replied Miss, as she lighted her beau to the door.—*Perry Forester.*

No Lawyers are allowed to reside on the the island of St. Helena; nor is a newspaper permitted to be printed there: an almanac every year being the only production of the press.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

PARODY—WE MET.

We met, 'twas in a wood, on the banks of a river—
He came, all prepared, my poor self for to shiver,
Bright arms were in his hands, they did not suit my fancy,
Oh thou hast been the cause of this quarrel—
Dear Nancy.

He bid me renounce thee and fly to another,
Oh no, said I, I can be paired with no other,
I might march the world over and not suit my fancy,
With any so well as with thee—my
Dear Nancy.

The ground was measured—we then took our places
The word was given, and we cracked in each others faces,
He having struck me so that I hardly could see—
Oh thou hast been the cause of this quarrel—
Dear Nancy.—U.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MIXER.—Daniel Dancer, an Englishman, who flourished about a century ago, was perhaps the most thoroughgoing specimen of a miser that ever existed. In Harpers' recently published book of "Wonderful and Eccentric Characters," there is a pretty full account of him, from which we shall here merely give an abstract, for the benefit of our readers.

Daniel Dancer seems to have inherited his miserly disposition, for both his father and his grandfather were misers before him. But he was not content with a here inheritance, for he daily improved upon the patrimony, to the close of a long life.

Dancer had a sister, who lived with him till her death, and whose disposition exactly corresponded with his own. The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. On a Sunday, they boiled a sticking of beef, with fourteen hard dumplings, which always lasted during the whole week; an arrangement which no consideration could induce them to alter, except through some lucky circumstance like the following. Dancer occasionally himself to wander over the common in search of any stray locks of wool, cast horse-shoes, old iron, pieces of paper, and even to collect the dung of sheep under hedges. In one of these perambulations, he found a sheep which had died from natural disease; this prize he instantly threw over his shoulder and carried home, when after being skinned and cut up, Miss Dancer made it into a number of pies, of which they were extremely frugal while they lasted.

During his sister's last illness, Dancer was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was, "Why should I waste my money, in wickedly endeavoring to counteract the will of Providence? In the old girl's limbs come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her: and she may as well die now as at any future period." The only food he offered her during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied with the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it, she might go without.

This miserable woman died possessed of 2000*l*. But as she had two other brothers, who were equally celebrated for parsimony, and who put in their claim for a share of her property, Daniel brought in a bill of 1040*l*. as the price of her board for thirty years, at 3*l*. per annum, and 100*l*. for the last two years, in which he declared she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed. This sum he recovered by a suit at law; and then shared equally with his brothers in the remaining property.

Although Daniel never evinced any affection for his sister, he determined to bury her in such a manner as should not *disgrace the family*. He accordingly contracted with an undertaker, who agreed to take timber in return for a coffin. Dancer, however, could not be prevailed on to purchase mourning for himself; yet, in consequence of the entreaty of his neighbors, he unbound the hay-bands with which his legs were usually covered, and drew on a second-hand pair of black worsted stockings. His coat was of a whitish brown color; his waist-coat had been black about the middle of the last century; and the immediate covering to his head, which seemed to have been taken from Mr. Elwes's wiggery, and to have descended to Daniel as an *heir-loom*, gave a grotesque appearance to the person of the chief mourner, but too well calculated to provoke mirth. This, indeed, was increased by the slipping of his horse's girth at the place of burial, in consequence of which the rider was precipitated into the grave!

From a principle of rigid economy, Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing with such articles of luxury, he used, when the sun shone, to repair to a neighboring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself. His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body.

He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbors' hedges. He was for many years his own cobbler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and covering they had received, that they rather resembled hog troughs than shoes.

He gathered, in his rambles, all the bones he met with, which he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to this favorite, whom he always called "my friend," affords a striking instance of human inconsistency; for while he himself would swallow the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expense of a penny, Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily.

Snuff was a luxury in which he never indulged; yet he always begged a pinch from those who did. In this manner he used, in about a month, to fill a box, which he always carried in his pocket. He then exchanged its contents at a chandler's shop for a farthing candle, which was made to last till he had again filled his box, as he *never suffered any light in his house*, except when he was going to bed.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for 13 years. She called upon him the next day, and to her surprise found that he still continued to wear the old one. On inquiring the reason, he, after much solicitation, informed her, that his old servant (whom he hired at a salary of *eighteen pence* a week) had given him sixpence profit for the bargain.

The same lady, knowing that he was fond of trout stewed in claret, once sent him some as a present. But the weather being frosty, the stew had become congealed in the night; and, as he could not afford the expense of a fire, he contrived the following ingenious method of thawing it. Having put it into one pewter plate and covered it with another, he placed them under his body, and sat upon them until the contents were sufficiently warmed!

At the age of seventy-eight Daniel Dancer died, leaving property to the amount of 5000*l*. per annum; most of which he willed to his housekeeper, Lady Tempest; showing that he possessed at least one virtue, not too common in this world—gratitude.

MAKING MONEY RAPIDLY.—"I have made one thousand dollar this morning before breakfast," said a Frenchman who kept a retail shop in Boston.

"A thousand dollars before breakfast!" said a neighbor, with a dubious air.

"Oui—yes sare," replied the Frenchman, rubbing his hands with great glee—"I have clear one thousand dollar clear."

"You've sold all your goods then."

"O no! Sare, I have not sell one good—I have all de good in my shop."

"How did you clear so much money then?"

"I have mark de good all up."

"Marked them all up!"

"Oui, Monsieur, I have put on de high price, so as make clear one thousand dollar, and keep all my good in my shop."

The Monthly Magazine for March, in its Notes for the Month, after noticing some of the wonders which are so constantly recited in the daily papers, and especially that of a drover, who fell asleep by the side of a lime-kiln, and slept on while his leg was burnt off, and then got up and asked a man by whom he was roused from his slumbers, to assist him looking for his shoe, gives the following *fact*, which is equally credible:—A hypochondriac, who occasionally took odd fancies, at last imagined himself a *tea kettle*, and sending the servant on some alcovelous errand, took an opportunity, in her absence, to seat himself on the kitchen fire, where, on her return, she found him *singing*. He then cautioned her to be careful how she took off his lid, lest she should be scalded by the steam, and would not consent to her removing it till she procured the *kettle-holder*, to save her fingers from the heat of the handle. He was at length rescued from his *pleasant* position, and a surgeon was sent for, if possible, to remedy the ill consequence of his vagary, when he received additional pleasure from a persuasion that the son of Esculapius was a *tinker*, who had been called in to mend his bottom!

DEVOTION OF PLEASURE.—It is difficult to say what Pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every person, pleasure is a country Miss just "come out," means "a race ball, and so many partners, that she has danced till she can hardly stand." Pleasure to an appuntu after fashion means "a card for *Devonshire House*, or a nod from Lady ——" Pleasure to a schoolboy means "tying a string to his school-fellow's toe when he is asleep, and pulling it till he awakes him." Pleasure to a man of an inquiring mind "means a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with in head off." Pleasure to a man of taste means "a first-rate *artiste*, and a good dinner." Pleasure to a laboring man means "doing nothing." Pleasure to a fine lady means "having something to do, to drive away the time." Pleasure to an antiquarian means "an illegible inscription." Pleasure to a connoisseur means "a dark, invisible, very fine picture." Pleasure to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means "liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton, except himself." Pleasure to a beggar means "a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling." Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers, "the last word in an argument." Pleasure to the social "the human face divine." Pleasure to the matron, "I shan't see a soul for the next six months." Pleasure to an author, "the last page of his manuscript—bliss inexpressible—Finis." Pleasure to all, to every one in their own way, and that way a different one.

A lady applied to Reynolds, the Philanthropist, in behalf of an orphan. After he had given very liberally she said,—"When he is old enough I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," (said the good man,) "Thou art mistaken; we do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank him who giveth the clouds and the rain."

RURAL ECONOMIST.

PROPERTIES OF SUGAR.

Dutrone calls sugar the most perfect alimentary substance in nature, and the testimony of many physicians establishes the fact. Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, says, in common with all who have analyzed it, that "sugar affords the greatest quantity of nourishment in a given quantity of matter of any subject in nature." Used alone it has fattened horses and cattle in St. Domingo for a period of several months, during the time when the exportation of sugar and the importation of grain were suspended from the want of ships.

The plentiful use of sugar in diet is one of the best preventives that ever has been discovered of the diseases which are produced by worms. Nature seems to have implanted a love for this aliment in all children, as if it were on purpose to defend them from those diseases.

Sir John Pringle tells us that the plague was never known to visit any country where sugar composes a material part of the diet of the inhabitants.

Dr. Rush, Dr. Cullen, and many other physicians, are of opinion that the frequency of malignant fevers of all kinds has been lessened by the use of sugar. Dr. Rush observes, that, in disorders of the breast, sugar is the basis of many agreeable remedies, and *it is useful in weaknesses and acrid reflexions in other parts of the body.*†

The celebrated Tronchin recommended "Eau Sucre" for almost every malady. Dr. Fothergill was very anxious that the price of sugar should be sufficiently moderate to render it accessible to the mass of the people. From experiments made by some eminent French surgeons, it appears to be an antiscorbutic, and this is confirmed by well known facts.‡

Although sugar has for so long a time been used in our alimentary preparations, it is only since it has been analyzed by the French chemists, that it has come to be considered in itself an alimentary substance. The base of sugar is a gluttinous matter, which, in its proper combination, is extremely pure and perfect solube, and consequently in the most favorable circumstances for easy digestion. It is therefore extremely wholesome and nutritious. Of this there is abundant proof. During crop time in the West Indies, all appear fat and flourishing; the cattle which are fed on the cane tops and the scummings, become sleek, and in better condition, although more worked at that time than at any other. The negroes drink freely of the juice, and the sickly among them revive and become fat and healthy. In China and in India the same beneficial effects are recorded. We are told by Sir George Staunton, that in the former country, many of the slaves and idle persons are frequently missing about the time that the canes become ripe, hiding themselves and living entirely in the plantations.

A writer from India observes, "The comfort and health arises to a poor family from a small patch of sugar cane, exclusive of what the juggry may sell for, can only be known to such as may have observed them in the time of cutting the canes, and noted the difference in their looks before the crop begins, and a month or six weeks after."

The Cochin Chinese consume a great quantity of sugar; they eat it generally with their rice, which is the ordinary breakfast of people of all ages and stations.

There is little else to be obtained in all the inns of the country but rice and *sugar*; it is the common nourishment of travellers. The Cochin Chinese not only preserve in sugar all their fruits, but even the greater part of their leguminous vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, artichokes, the grain of the lotus, and the thick fleshy leaves of the aloe. They fancy nothing is so nourishing as sugar. This opinion of its intoxicating properties has occasioned a whimsical law. The body guard of the king, selected for the purpose of pomp, are allowed a sum of money with which they must buy sugar *canes*, and they are compelled by law to eat a certain quantity daily. This is to preserve the embonpoint and good looks of those soldiers who are honored by approaching so near to the person of the king; and they certainly do honor to their masters by their handsome appearance. There are about five hundred of them, all equally sleek and plump, being actually fattened by sugar. Domestic animals, horses, buffaloes, elephants, are all fattened with sugar cane in Cochin China.

Sugar has been found to be an antidote to the poison of verdigris, if taken speedily and in abundance; and, unlike many other organic substances, its nutritious qualities are not liable to change from the operations of time or seasons.—*Porter on the Sugar Cane.*

† He that undertakes, says Dr. Slare, to argue against sweets in general, takes upon him a very difficult task; for nature seems to have recommended this taste to all sorts of creatures; the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, many reptiles and flies, seem to be pleased and delighted with the specific relish of all sweets, and to distaste its contrary. Now, the sugar cane, or sugar, I hold for the top and highest standard of vegetable sweets.—*Edward's West Indies.*

‡ The celebrated Dr. Franklin had taken large quantities of *blackberry jam* for the pain of the stone, and found benefit from it; but discovered at length that the medicinal part of the jam resided wholly in the sugar. From half a pint of syrup prepared by boiling down sugar in water, and taken just before he went to bed, he declared that he often found the same relief that he did from a dose of opium.

It has been said that sugar injures the teeth, but this opinion does not deserve a serious reflection.—*Amer. Phil. Trans.* Vol. ii.

§ A vessel came from the West Indies heavily laden with sugar. A calm that had not been foreseen, prolonged the passage till all their provisions were exhausted. The sugar was the only resource left to the crew, and nourished by it, they at length arrived safely in port. Some sailors had died of scurvy during the voyage, and many were threatened with death from the same cruel malady. The scurvy ceased when its victims were, from necessity, reduced to this sugar diet, and the remedy was, at the same time, an agreeable aliment.—*La Gazette De Sante*, No. xliv. 1785.

Mrs. R. L. Smith,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public generally, that her store, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been restored, and that she has now offer an extensive assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at No. 194 North Second street, below Race, west side.

These goods have been selected with great care, comprising the most desirable styles in the market, and will be sold at the unusually low prices. The following are but a few articles to her assortment, viz: London style prints, stripe and plaid anglaises, rich fancy do., cambric and lawn muslins, plain and fancy bonnet, head, neck, and waist ribbons, plaid and check do., superior open work do., rich embroidered do., dress'd and undressed linens, long lawns and Hollands, pink style painted muslins, super painted lawns, furniture and cambric chintzes, rich fancy and plain gloves, hosiery, and white and black cotton hose, fancy and plain cambric, swiss and worsted do., Bombazet, bl. and brown gloves, silk, cotton and linen do., assorted colored cambrics, plain and fancy ginghams, rich fancy do., Prunella, and other cloths, merinos, super French bombazines, Gro de Naples mixings, flannels, assorted satins, black and colored crape, linen cambric handkerchiefs, do. with colored borders, net laces and edgings, do. assorted cambrics, white and fancy cravats, Italian and fancy silk do., silk and cotton bibbs, Cashmere and hair shawls, Gauze and shirting flannels, long shawls, net veils, scarves, bands, and ruffles, rich and plain colored Canton flannel, tapes, bindings, pins, spool cotton, buttons, patent threads, braids—with a variety of other articles not mentioned. may 9—3m

Durability, Convenience and Economy.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN. This beautiful article, designed not to heat the room, and also answering the other purposes embracing every good quality that can be thought of—free from every defect, and wholly unobjectionable, is now offered for inspection and sale at 91 South Seventh street, for durability, convenience and economy, no article of the kind will bear any comparison. We challenge any one to point out any essential defect. It is warranted to operate well, and may be returned free of expense if it fails in any thing that we promise. One of its valuable properties is, its great simplicity; any one can manage it. It is constructed on principles perfectly original, and is made of all sizes, suited to hotels, boarding houses and private families. It is warranted to bake, roast, broil, and toast with a quarter of Charcoal; to bake biscuit in fifteen minutes, and all other things in corresponding time. Let such as are incredulous, if them be any, call on or by the Agent.

GOLD FOSTER & Co. 78 Nassau st. New York.
may 9—6m JONES, Agent, 91 South Seventh street, Philada

Mrs. S. Chambers—Agent,

No. 216 Chesnut street, (3d door below Ninth, south side,) has received by the recent arrivals, her Spring assortment of

French Millinery.

Dress Patterns, &c., comprising several Pelisse Patterns, Bonnets, Caps, Flats, Flowers, &c. &c. Dresses, Hats, Caps, &c. made to order, and at reasonable prices. may 9—3m

To Physicians and Druggists.

GEO. P. DARVELL & Co., No. 76 South Front street, have on hand a full and complete assortment of Surgical Instruments, which they offer for sale and have constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Such as Amputating, Trepanning, Lithotomy, Pocket Cases, Dissecting, Teeth forceps, &c. &c., which are warranted to be of the best materials and best workmanship.

Orders from any part of the Union, promptly attended to.

N. B.—A liberal discount to wholesale dealers.
may 9—3m

Just Published,

THE City and Country Spelling Book, or an Easy and Pleasant Introduction to the Art of Reading, by John Simmons. Sold by the Author, No. 208 North Fourth street, Elijah Weaver, No. 76 Delaware avenue, J. S. Hart, No. 240 North Second street, Towar and Hart, No. 212 North Fourth street, Desilver, No. 252 Chesnut street, Thomas & Sutton, No. 149 North Third street, D. Schaeck, corner of 2nd and Race street, I. B. Clarke No. 69 North Second street, and other Booksellers. may 2—2t

$20 Reward.

ABSCONDED from the subscriber, on the 27th ult., an indented apprentice to the Cabinet making business, aged 19 years, about 5 feet 7 inches high, by name HARLAN P. LANDRETH. He is of light complexion and sandy, slender formed, and has a shabby, careworn look. He had on a brown frock coat, blue cloth pants, black cloth vest, fur hat and boots. Took with him a number of other articles of clothing. The above reward will be paid for returning him to his master.

N. B. All persons are forbid harbouring and apprentice under the penalty of the law.

WM. G. STOY.
may 2—3*

CARPENTERS

COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to have a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter has pleasure to announce to the public that the above preparations so possessing all the qualities here described, and with certain pleasure recommends it to the family and public, as a safe, efficacious, and valuable application, for all similar irritating wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tried in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations, and sores of various kinds, the application has been productive of no small benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon which, entire faith can confidently rely. It is a soothing and grateful application to the part affected, peculiarly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly reduces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this valuable remedy, as many of the most distressing accidents are unlooked upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and pleasing lotion application is required.

It is to be put up in bottles and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at GEO. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 201 Market st. Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan 26—3m. 1836—eotf

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,

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may 2—1y

Lorenzo Dow's Medicine.

THIS remedy has been found of great efficacy in those maladies so New England and Canada, as the following certificates will show. Bilious Fever, Dysentery, Asthma, Consumption, Loss of Appetite, Affections of the Liver, Dropsy, Common Bowel Complaints, and Female weaknesses.

Discovering that one of Dow's Family Medicine, do certify, that we believe it to be a safe and speedy cure for the above mentioned complaints. We believe it particularly well adapted to the cure of the cholera infantum and bowel complaints.

Samuel Peter Griffin, Daniel Burroughs, overseers of the poor, and Sylvester Gilbert, Judge of the Court, in Bergen, Connecticut.

For sale, and sold by J. WINFERRENFER, Harrisburg; Peck and Pennington, for Pennsylvania and the adjacent states. Also, sold by B. Jenkins, 8 Decatur st Arch and Third st. West Moorestown, N. J. corner of Illinois and Second streets, J. Fleckwire, corner of Market and Fourth road and street, and by B. A. Haskins, Western Drug Warehouse, No. 370 Market street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents per bottle.

ap 26—3m*

To the Printers of the U. States.

J. SPITTAL, wood letter cutter and engraver, No. 99 at a Franklin Place, Philadelphia, respectfully announces to the Printers of the United States, that he has commenced the manufacture of WOOD LETTERS.

From his general knowledge of the business, and long practical acquaintance with printing, he is convinced his letters will, at least, be equal to any manufactured in the United States, and warranted to be superior to those made by patent machinery.

Wood Letters of every description, from four to thirty-four lines Pica in all its bounds, made to order on the shortest notice.

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